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SIXTY-FIVE PLUS

The Joy and Challenge of the Years
of Retirement

Sixty-Five Plus

Sixty-Five Plus

*The Joy and Challenge of the Years
of Retirement*

CLARENCE B. RANDALL



An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

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*To
my lovely wife
who
has shared
so many adventures
with me.*

Contents

I	The Open Door	3
II	Through the Door	17
III	Keys for the Door	29
IV	One Telephone Call	42
V	Change of Pace	57
VI	Second Language	70
VII	The Where, Why, and How of Travel	79
VIII	The Unexpected	94
IX	The Gentle Art of Dining	113
X	Encounter in Turkey	131
XI	In Defense of Bird Watching	145
XII	What My Coronary Taught Me	162
XIII	Silence Gives Consent	174
XIV	On the Subject of Ancestors	190
	Postlude	209

Sixty-Five Plus

I

The Open Door

WHEN A YOUNG MAN in business approaches fifty he becomes self-conscious about his age, feeling that the passing of the mid-century mark is obviously a point of no return. He tries to laugh about it but the joke doesn't really come off. Deep down inside he is genuinely disturbed, feeling that time is running out, and that what lies ahead is now definitely limited.

From then on, until he reaches sixty, he winces every time that dreadful word "retirement" is mentioned, and as the decade closes he accepts with resignation the sobering thought that the end is drawing near. From then on, until he reaches sixty-five, he involuntarily watches a mental calendar which his subconscious mind has set up, checking off first the months, then the weeks, and finally the days of happiness that are vouchsafed to him.

Inwardly, in spite of himself, he rebels against the whole concept of compulsory retirement at a fixed

age, though in calmer moments he knows full well that in a large organization selective retirement cannot be practiced with individual fairness, and that there has to be a rule with which all must comply. Conscience tells him that when he was forty, he approved heartily of the rule, and was disgusted with seniors who hung on too long; but, nevertheless, now that he stands at the exit, he is very sad. He goes about his few remaining duties with the stoicism of the culprit who momentarily expects the drop of the executioner's axe.

As the end approaches, he has to face the inevitable testimonial dinner where old friends are gathered to do him honor. Though this is conceived and planned in a spirit of warm and genuine affection, it nevertheless is usually a sticky occasion. The man is uneasy, and so are his associates. The atmosphere is half solemn, half gay. First, the office comedian pictures the joys of the approaching idleness in jokes that sound hollow and finally someone makes a bad speech. It is either sticky with sentiment, or clumsy with commiserating humor. Then comes the presentation of the gold watch or the etched glass bowl. When the affair is over, nearly everyone goes home saying inwardly that this was misplaced kindness, that this particular form of well-intentioned torture should be abandoned. They know perfectly well, however, that it will not be. The roots of this tradition are too deep,

and the next one who retires will get the same treatment.

When at last the awful day comes, and the man must clear out his desk, say goodbye to the old gang, and close the familiar door for the last time, it takes all the courage that he can summon not to break down and make a scene. Taking firm hold of himself, he walks bravely out, self-consciously keeping his chin up as a man of his position should, but saying solemnly to himself, "This is the end."

How silly all that is!

I know because I went through it myself, but from my present high plateau of retirement I see the whole experience in a new dimension. My years after sixty-five have brought me the deepest satisfaction of my entire life. I am happily bewildered at the incredible array of new adventures, both intellectual and physical that have come to me, and I pour out the story to all who will listen. I like especially to tell it to those in the echelon just behind me who are about to reach what they think is an awesome deadline.

My own experience has shown me conclusively that retirement is not the closing of an old door, but the opening of a new one. It is the exciting approach to an infinite variety of new testing of a man's ability, new stretchings of his mind, new releases for his energies and abilities. All that is required is that he must recognize new challenge when it presents itself, and

accept it zestfully. If he has been doing this all his life, it will be easier for him in the later years, but in one form or another the opportunity awaits everyone, at whatever time he chooses, if he will only seek it.

In a sense, the corporation executive is fortunate in having the decision made for him. It takes a high degree of self-discipline indeed for the lawyer, the doctor, the engineer, or any man who is on his own, suddenly to stop what he is doing, but in terms of the satisfaction of life the principle is the same. Why go on to the bitter end just doing more of the same when new and different adventures may be had for the asking?

The man who just keeps plodding along in the same old rut until he drops lacks not only courage but imagination. He is missing out on one of the great rewards of life.

At least that was my experience. I had scarcely left the threshold of my office in the steel industry for the last time before many, many new doors opened for me which I could not possibly have imagined would be there. On every side I found awaiting me new horizons of enjoyment which were suddenly made available to me solely by the fact of my retirement. None of them would have come to me had I remained chained to my desk.

Some of these new doors I shoved open myself, and

that is important in post-retirement activity, but many of them seemed to open by accident.

Reflecting upon those circumstances, however, I have come to the conclusion that when a door seems to open for a retired man by chance, it is not really accident at all. The door actually opens in response to a force which the man himself has set in motion in his earlier life. His retirement has merely triggered the release of an interest or a capacity which has been repressed by the immediacy and urgency of his ordinary responsibilities. The tragedy, therefore, lies in the lives of those unhappy men who have no outside interest to release because they have permitted none to develop. The man who goes through his entire active career in business bent upon nothing but the making of money and the care of his immediate household, who has never lifted his eyes in lively curiosity to the human scene about him, who has never hoped for the day when he could pursue a postponed purpose, will have no new paths accessible to him at sixty-five. No doors will open for him by accident, and there will be none that he can shove. He will have to go fishing.

The most precious discovery in post-retirement activity is that at long last complete freedom of choice is restored to the individual.

First of all, he may work, or not work, as he pleases; and when he works he may be completely selective

about what he does and when he does it. He has both his leisure and his obligations under complete control, and may choose between them, or alternate them precisely as he wishes. He can play whenever he wants to, if he has not permitted his capacity for play to atrophy, yet he is not condemned to eternal play, which would be the saddest lot of all.

Gone, too, are the old inhibitions of every sort; removed is the network of restraints in which a man becomes enmeshed by reason of his loyalties to people other than himself. No longer is the shadow of the institution with which he has been associated cast across his path. He can give himself the luxury of bluntly saying precisely what he thinks at all times, answerable to no authority higher than his own self-criticism.

It is amazing what a heady atmosphere this becomes for a man who all his life has been tied to those about him. Even when the bonds are those of deep respect and warm affection, as they certainly were in my case, there is subconscious restraint.

There is a new tempo about his life, too. He can let himself go in a sharp burst of activity when the mood is on him, or he can get up later in the morning when he wants to, and take an hour longer to sleep if he chooses. He escapes routines. He has no train which he simply has to catch, for if he misses one he can take the next, but on the other hand he can turn out a pro-

digious work load in a day, if doing so appeals to him and serves his purpose. Each activity is voluntarily selected, and each is continued only to the extent that it brings satisfaction. He does nothing solely because his station in life demands it, and sees no value whatever in merely trying to add to his personal prestige. He does what he does simply because he wants to.

If the out-of-doors is the source of his recreation, he can indulge his particular passion with unlimited zest without any afterthought of guilt that he is cheating on stolen time. Whether he fishes, shoots, golfs, sails, or bird watches, as I do, he can lift his face to the sun and the rain whenever and wherever he elects.

But he knows that too much of that will soon cloy, and that the ultimate satisfactions which he seeks lie in the inner recesses of the mind. It is a high level of continuing intellectual activity that brings him both physical health and repose of the spirit, and that causes those whom he meets to exclaim, "I just can't believe it!" when they learn his age.

Every man who has lived his life to the full, should, by the time his senior years are reached, have established a reserve inventory of unfinished thinking. It is inevitable that in the carrying forward of his daily tasks he will have faced problems that he was too busy to think through at the time. If he has pondered at all about anything he is bound to have a backlog of ideas that he would like to explore further. The

great curse of an active business life is that it affords so little time for reflection, but once we burst the barrier into retirement we can, and should, give top priority in our lives to the orderly formulation of our personal philosophy.

Take the concept of free enterprise itself, for example. This badly needs rethinking and restating for the guidance of all who practice it; and who could be better qualified to undertake it than those who have just left the battle?

Then, too, as we look backward, there is a holster of old ideas with which we have been shooting from the hip for years that needs to be re-examined. Just as the carpenter periodically went over the roof of the house in which I was born to check the condition of the shingles, renailing one here that had come loose, and replacing one there that had split, so a man in retirement may pause and re-examine his prejudices, tightening up one here that is loose, and throwing away one there that is warped. If he does this earnestly and conscientiously, a new tolerance will come into his thinking. Now that he is withdrawn from the tumult and the shouting, he falls easily into a frame of mind where he is ready to take a calmer second look at some of the old controversies.

For those who are still in panic over what to do with their lives when they pass sixty-five, I say simply this: "circumspice" — look about you. The most

amazing phenomenon in our time is the extent to which the great responsibilities of the war and post-war period have been borne by older men.

In England it was Winston Churchill, by all odds the number one man in the world in terms of personal leadership and achievement when Europe was facing total disaster. Measured at sixty-five, his fame would have been transitory, his name all but unknown in the United States. His wisdom, and that vast resource of undaunted courage which he transmitted so radiantly to multitudes everywhere came nowhere near their full expression until after normal retirement. His life reached its greatest usefulness at sixty-five plus, and then went on growing through seventy-five plus. At forty he was bold, but reckless; facile of speech, but unseasoned in judgment. Not until his very senior years did he reach the unshakeable peak of leadership. Standing beside Churchill in the making of the peace was that second right man in the right place at the right time, Konrad Adenauer. Once again a nation in terrible distress turned to age for guidance, for this stalwart character had passed seventy-three before he was elected for the first time as Chancellor of the Federal German Republic. And his continued growth was so extraordinary that at eighty-five he was still flexible, still filled with boundless intellectual energy, still capable of flying anywhere in the world for another conference. Yet when he passed fifty, no friend or ac-

quaintance could possibly have foreseen the great role that he was to play in history.

In France it was De Gaulle. Great soldier that he was in middle life, his deep inner passion to lead his nation in peace did not achieve fulfillment until he had reached the normal time for retirement. Yet how magnificently he measured up in pulling France together. And how clear it seems that he could not possibly have performed that difficult task with the qualities which he possessed when, in his forties, he was in command of a tank brigade.

There were seniors in the East, too.

Let no one underestimate the contribution made to the free world by Chiang-Kai-shek. He created a new nation on Taiwan, and the power of his example built resistance to Communism in Asia at a time when courage was faltering everywhere in the Pacific. Though preserving his respect for the culture of the old China, he nevertheless understood the culture of the West, and created a bridge between the two. All this he did at a time of life when most men think they must stop making great efforts. Let those who think that revolutions are better led by young men compare his achievements with those of Castro.

India produced Nehru. Or would it be more correct to say that Nehru produced India? At a time when the ordinary man has laid down his burdens he took on

one of the great obligations of all time, that of molding a vast, impoverished, and largely illiterate population into a new and proud nation. Had he stopped advancing in the power of his mind and spirit at our normal retirement age, he would have remained unknown, and India might have stumbled into Communism. I like to think that all his life, without knowing what was to come, this great man had been preparing for his high responsibility merely by always trying to do his best.

And how can I possibly express the respect and affection which I came to feel for President Eisenhower during the years when I was privileged to serve at the White House as a member of his staff? Far transcending anything I have ever known in any other man, in ours or any other country, was the stamina which he displayed. One of the oldest of our Presidents to hold that high office, he was nevertheless radiant in the quality of his leadership to the very close of his administration. Just to be near him was an inspiration. Thrice stricken during his two terms of office with ailments, any one of which might have terminated the career of an ordinary man, he nevertheless came back each time to meet his full responsibilities with courage and resourcefulness.

The record made in history of these six magnificent world leaders, all of whose careers reached their full-

est impact long after normal retirement is too impressive to be explained away as accidental. The world needed them or they would not have been there.

The six of them — Churchill, Adenauer, De Gaulle, Chiang Kai-shek, Nehru, and Eisenhower — had one significant characteristic in common. There never came a time in their lives when they were not ready to seek, or to accept, new challenge. The constant stretching of the muscles of their minds by new undertakings went steadily on regardless of the calendar, and each year brought new achievements. Had they gone on for the same period of time doing only those familiar things for which they had been trained, not one of them would have reached distinction.

It can be that way in the post-retirement life of any man if he is willing earnestly to reach out for new and different experiences. This privilege is not reserved merely for those who are called to world leadership; it can come to each of us within the limits of our own scale of opportunities. It is the conscious reaching out for new adventures, both intellectual and physical, that enlarges the capacity of the mind, and keeps the spirit young.

Admittedly the senior years bring problems of health that have to be faced squarely, but the secret lies in doing this honestly, and not yielding to fears that will impose greater limitations than the facts actually warrant. I should feel certain that each of the

six great men whom I have listed had, during the periods of his greatest effort, a special health problem of his own.

Without exception every man who passes sixty-five has at least one, and usually more. I have quite a list myself: one coronary thrombosis, incipient glaucoma that must be kept under control by drops in my eyes, a left ear for which the Eustachian tube stubbornly refuses to function properly, and lesser ailments such as hives. The important thing is to measure the health problem accurately under competent advice, and to accept the precise limitation which it imposes, but no more. Learning then to live with your own private problem merely adds to the challenge of the years that remain.

I once discussed this whole range of questions in distinguished company, on an occasion when I had the privilege of lunching at the Indian Embassy in Washington with the Ambassador and the Minister of Finance. To keep the conversation light, I first remarked, using our government lingo, that fiscal 1891, namely the year that began on July 1, 1890 and ended on June 30, 1891, was obviously a vintage year, inasmuch as it included the dates of birth of President Eisenhower, George Humphrey, and myself.

Growing bolder, I then pointed out that General De Gaulle, Prime Minister Nehru, and I were almost exact contemporaries, all three having been born

within a few months of each other. This went over fairly well, so I then asked the Finance Minister whether he could give me the reason for the tremendous vitality of Mr. Nehru, for which I had such admiration. He said that there were many explanations, but that one in particular was noteworthy, which was that the Prime Minister frequently stood on his head for brief periods, both night and morning. That stopped me. I knew perfectly well that it would be quite unwise for me to attempt that alone in my hotel room.

Recalling this incident does, however, help me to make my final point, which is that the light touch is very important in the senior years. Nothing is to be gained from turning on the blue lights; nothing is so out of character as the long face. When humor dies, the spirit dies. A hearty laugh is the most effective antibiotic against that strange virus which attacks some older people, the habit of being continually sorry for one's self.

The only proper way to approach the post-retirement years is with the confident expectation that life can still be great fun.

II

Through the Door

MUCH IS WRITTEN these days about preparation for retirement, and this is good, for the problem merits much deeper study than it has had.

In the last analysis, however, it seems to me, the answer must lie within the man himself. The key to his getting ready lies in his honestly coming to believe that new excitement does, in fact, lie ahead.

Our friends rally round and talk to us in a kindly way about what is to come, trying to be helpful, but their suggestions are not always discerning.

One says that surely it would be heaven to be able to look ahead to spending the whole winter in Florida. But what if this individual happens not to like Florida?

Another says, "You sure will be getting a lot of fishing and hunting done." But maybe this person finds no excitement either in wading a stream with a fly rod, or in pulling the trigger on a twelve gauge shotgun. Closer to the mark, but still a wide miss, is the

man who proposes to solve everything by saying, "Just keep your membership on boards of directors; those meetings will mean a lot to you." This is the backward look, not the look ahead. Actually, I happen to believe that while compulsory retirement at sixty-five is right for those who are engaged in daily decision-making, board membership may properly be extended to age seventy-two. This contributes to continuity of policy by preserving the wisdom that flows from experience. The truth is, however, that while it is pleasant for the individual, it holds no new challenge for him. Let no one think that the relationship is the same. To cross over from an authoritative status to a passive one on a board calls for self-discipline of a high order. To many it would be far more of an emotional irritant than a panacea for boredom.

Nor does it ameliorate the problem if the man who retires is, as a sign of affection, designated as a consultant to his old company. This is just plain window dressing, and everybody knows it except, perhaps, the man who is involved. Only the naïve are deceived. No one really consults him and no one should. The whole picture changes too rapidly. In a very short time he will be speaking out of an earlier era, and even on broad policy questions his advice will be of doubtful value.

No, none of these things is a sound guideline for the businessman who enters into retirement. They are

not genuine solutions for the frustrations and sense of loss that will come to him. There is only one answer, and that is to accept the change with finality, make a clean break, and embark with enthusiasm upon a progressively new way of life.

Those who lack the courage and imagination to do this can, and do, drift rapidly into a drab state of physical and intellectual stagnation. By nine in the morning they have read the paper, and there is nothing ahead for the day except their ulcers. Their golf, their hunting, their fishing, and their bridge games are palliatives, but they are not enough. They cannot possibly be stretched so as to last twelve hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

One sad circumstance in the lives of such men is that by the habits of their earlier years they have cut themselves off from the intellectual stimulus of good reading. There are men who have borne great responsibility throughout many active years who have never, in all that time, read one serious book. The *Wall Street Journal* and trade papers, yes, but not books. Now in retirement they are denied the thrill that comes from sharing vicariously the experiences and adventures of others, from suddenly having an urge to undertake something new, born in the mind with an intensity that simply will not be denied. Never do such lonely men find themselves suddenly confronted with a new idea so exciting that they

simply cannot rest until they have pursued it to the end.

This curse is laid upon them because in middle life they permitted their entire reserve of energy to be consumed by exacting daily routines. There was no time for serious reading, and their capacity to be stirred by it atrophied. Life was a mad race to catch planes, to keep engagements, to turn up at cocktail parties, and to be seen in black tie at banquets. There were no pauses for reflection, no recharging of the brain by plugging it into the high voltage of a fine book.

Let those still in the forties mark this well (and particularly their wives). Let them face squarely the fact that if the pause for the cultivation of the mind is denied before fifty, the power thus to pause will be destroyed by lack of use. It cannot be embarked upon for the first time after sixty-five, and the mental void that sets in can be so dismal that not even alcohol will give it light.

I speak of wives advisedly. How blessed I was in this respect! My Emily has always been a voracious reader, with a lively and wide-ranging mind which eagerly picks up new ideas, and makes them infectious. She always knows about the new books, always urges me to read them. Usually she is about four ahead of me, and those which I do not read, I become

familiar with because of her vivid reports. Men need this sort of urging.

Once the book habit is established in a man's life, it feeds on itself, and is self-perpetuating. A thoughtful man will often have several books going at one time.

One, for example, might deal with some phase of the world's international problems, such as the latest by Barbara Ward. I like especially her *India and the West*, because it brings into such sharp focus the agonizing choice which a developing nation must make between spending its insufficient resources for the benefit of those now living, and planning still greater betterment for those of the generations yet to come. Another in the same general area of interest would surely be the challenging and scholarly documentation of our relationships with the Communist empire, *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin* by George Kennan.

To catch the flavor of emerging Africa, one might read *I Speak of Freedom*, by President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, or *Let My People Go*, by Nobel-prize-winner Albert Luthuli.

Another could well give an exciting picture of some exotic area of the world which the retired man has no intention whatever of visiting when he buys the book, but which he begins to think he would like to see as

he reads along. *The White Nile*, by Alan Moorehead does just that.

Then there might be one to read less for the substance than for the brilliant and facile prose, such as a book by C. P. Snow. One of my favorites among his is a little fifty-page volume called *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*.

And certainly there will always be a book at hand dealing with the great world of the out-of-doors. Here the master is Edwin Way Teale, and *North With the Spring* is superb.

If possible, too, there should be one in the foreign language in which the senior is striving to perfect himself. If this is French, nothing would be more delightful than *Le Lion*, by Joseph Kessel, the charming story of a little girl and a lion, both of whom live in Masai territory alongside the Royal Game Park in Kenya.

And the classics are still the classics. Recently, when I had to spend a week in travel, I dropped into my bag that old copy of *Hamlet*, which bore on its pages the classroom notes I had made under George Lyman Kittredge at Harvard, some fifty years ago. The majesty of that blank verse, where every line is a quotation, lifts the spirit in these days of stress.

Reading does not mean just books, however. As his area of interest broadens, and a man is relieved of daily routines, the problem of keeping up with cur-

rent developments becomes formidable. A substantial part of each day must be devoted to it. He will, of course, read the newspapers of his own town, and perhaps one from New York as well. There will be a good selection of magazines on his living-room table to dip into as he can. If world problems challenge him, he will subscribe to the air edition of the *London Economist*, and pick up an occasional *London Times*. If Africa should be his passion, he will take the *Central African Examiner*. If French should be his now-to-be-learned language, he will subscribe to *Paris Match*.

Such a wide range of reading, consistently pursued, leads naturally to the cultivation of good conversation, sought for its own sake, and retirement offers the perfect opportunity for its development. This rich experience is too rewarding to be left to chance, however. It should be done according to plan. At fixed intervals, say on every Saturday morning, the man in retirement should gather with his contemporaries for no other purpose than good talk. Each will bring to the group the background of his own experience, and the focus of his new interests. As the conversation grows lively, the cross-fertilization of ideas that will develop will send each man home with his own thinking both stimulated and enriched, and the week will be the better for the session. The madness of active business life makes this almost impossible, but in retirement the vanishing art of serious discussion, so

much prized by our ancestors, can be cultivated for its own sake.

And let us not forget the distaff side. The senior ladies enjoy good talk too. My wife makes a first-class contribution in any group because her inquiring mind is forever delving into new areas of thought, and she keeps extraordinarily well informed on the great issues of the day. Then, too, there are in every community many widows who are necessarily compelled to spend a great deal of time by themselves, who look forward to an opportunity for sitting in on serious discussions with men, as they did when their husbands were living. So from time to time, there should be mixed dinner parties where the bridge tables are never brought out, and ideas reign.

Nor should the lecture, the forum, and the seminar type of conference be overlooked. New ideas are important, but so are new people, and the chance to see in person, and to hear, a great world figure can be a great mental tonic. Sometimes a vivid metaphor that leaps from the lips of a colorful personality can spark a chain reaction of fresh thinking which would have been without impact had it merely been encountered on a printed page. In the active years, such occasions would have been shunned like poison because they disrupted the business rhythm, but in the relaxed tempo of retirement they offer new opportunity for the cultivation of the mind.

So it is with the concert, the visit to the art museum, the afternoon at the research library in pursuit of a subject of special interest, whether it be boat-building or archaeology, and the other amenities of gracious living. We passed them by when we lived with a telephone in one hand and the secretary's call button in the other, but if now we have the courage to bend our increased leisure to useful purposes, we will rejoice each day in newly won satisfactions.

So far, so good, but this is still not enough. Ideas, like money, have value only when they are put in circulation. The man in retirement who has found new challenge for his mind through good reading, good talk, and other cultural activities, can make his new leisure dynamic if he will boldly plunge into public debate on the great questions of the day through writing and speaking. I shall come back to this later. Suffice it now to say that his past achievements have given him stature in the community. People will turn to him with respect, and listen if he dares to assume that new responsibility.

Finally, the linking of his past experience with this new evidence of high intellectual capacity will inevitably open to him significant and deeply rewarding opportunities for public service. The world cries out for leadership. There are just not enough brains and character available to meet the demands for things that need doing for the welfare of the country.

Whether it be in the fifth precinct of the third ward, or in the affairs of state and nation; whether it be on the local hospital board or on a trade mission to Nigeria, there is a place for every man of ability who really wants to make his retirement leisure count for the benefit of mankind.

For myself, the one experience which transcended all others in filling my post-retirement years to overflowing with new challenge was the privilege which came to me, so unexpectedly, of serving on the staff of President Eisenhower at the White House. This was a complete break with the past, and out of that rich experience came an entirely new pattern of ideas and convictions to which instinctively I began to try to give expression through speaking and writing and in everyday conversation.

And surprisingly enough, when I walked out of the White House for the last time in the midst of that great snowstorm on Inauguration Eve in January, 1961, nothing happened to cut off my new range of interests, as many of my friends had gloomily predicted. My field of responsibility had been foreign economic policy, and as a private citizen I simply carried this forward, or rather it carried me forward with its own momentum. I wanted to go on having some part in formulating public opinion on this important subject, and in supporting bipartisan efforts.

To that end, I took great pains to keep myself informed.

Nor was it only new ideas that came into my life because of my government service. There was high adventure, too, for in the course of my duties I traveled into the far places of the world, often taking my wife with me (at my own expense). I saw Asia by way of the Pacific, as far as Bangkok; Africa, north, east, and west, including the Congo before the disturbances; Lebanon, Pakistan, India, and incredible Nepal; all under the most privileged of auspices. In fact, Latin America was about the only area that I missed, and that solely because my cardiac limitations put parts of it off bounds. From this it came to pass that a thirst for travel was added to my range of interests, and new subjects began to appear in my writing and speaking.

Not only were new places thus added to my life, but new people as well. I formed warm friendships with the fine staff of our foreign service everywhere, and through them met many of the leading citizens of other countries. Nothing is more stimulating to an American, or more needed for that matter, than a chance to test the validity of his own opinions through exposing them to the critical comments of a keen student of public affairs in another nation, whose training and background have been utterly different from

his own. For example, I remember with pleasure, penetrating conversations which I had with Jean Monnet of France, and with President Nkrumah of Ghana. And while Prime Minister Nehru of India will not remember the few moments which he was gracious enough to share with me, I shall never forget the lustrous clarity of those intelligent dark eyes.

Then, when out of the blue President Kennedy asked me to undertake certain assignments for him, such as my two missions to Ghana, my cup of satisfactions was filled to overflowing.

I am bound to confess that all of this taken together added up to a rather wild pace for a cardiac who was getting on in years. I was seldom home for long at a time, seldom available to those who tried to see me. Worst of all, such frenetic activity cannot be concealed from one's friends, and they often gave my wife a bad time of it in talking to her about me. "When is he going to slow down?" was their universal chorus. At first, I am sure that she had some qualms, but as time went on, and she saw the happiness that it all brought to me, I am sure that she said in her heart, "Never, I hope."

III

Keys for the Door

IF I WERE TO WRITE a handbook for the guidance of men in their senior years, I would entitle it *A New Star Begins At Forty*.

It is in the years between forty and fifty that the controlling habits are formed; there that the impulses arise which, if given free play, will insure continuing excitement after age sixty-five, there that can be created a protective network of continuities that will persist when the job stops.

How is such a network of activity built, and of what does it consist?

It is woven from human friendship, based upon mutual respect. Its bonds are the comradeships that cause like-minded persons to stand together, and share responsibility in a common undertaking. This can be service on the board of deacons, or the vestry of a church; it can be the building of a new hospital, or the planning of a lecture series for the Sunday Evening Forum; it can be the Izaak Walton League,

or a battle to save the local marsh in its wild state, and transform it into a sanctuary for migratory wild fowl.

What counts is the sharing of an ideal, and the fighting staunchly side by side with others to bring it to fulfillment. In such projects, no one cares what the other man's regular job is, what his rank is, or when he will retire: It is his effort that they respect. Each has tested the mettle of the other; each knows with confidence what contribution the other can make; each wants this partnership in a chosen cause to go on indefinitely.

This is another way of saying that a man who, during his active years, stands out from the crowd because he believes in something bigger than himself takes out insurance that in later years he will not be forgotten. The world never stops looking for such men, and is delighted when it finds one who is unemployed.

From this it follows that the wider the network of interests which a man cultivates during his active years, the broader will be the circle of friendships that bind other men to him with strong ties in later life, and the greater the certainty that they will draw him into new activity as the industrial pace slackens.

Take my own case, for example. My whole life was immeasurably changed by a single decision which I once made to have a part in the fund-raising cam-

paign of the Chicago Community Fund. No one could possibly have foreseen what the ultimate consequences were to be, but in retrospect the sequence is clear, and here it is.

I stood up one evening on impulse in a church meeting in Winnetka and made such a positive statement on fiscal policy that I was immediately asked, though a relative newcomer, to lead a campaign for the building of a new parish house. This turned out to be unexpectedly dramatic, since luck was against us and our opening dinner fell on the evening after the black Wednesday of the great stock market crash of 1929. We went ahead nevertheless and not only held the dinner, but reached our goal.

There are never enough fund raisers, and this bit of spotlight caused me to be drafted into the campaigns of the Chicago Community Fund, first as Chairman of the Industrial Division, and later as General Chairman. I had arrived in Chicago at mature years as a total stranger, and thus lacked the ready-made circle of acquaintances which is provided automatically for the man who grows up in the same town in which he is born. I knew no one when I first took part in these campaigns, but thousands before I finished—men from every trade, industry and profession, every walk of life, and every geographical section in the whole area. The ties which I then formed were never broken.

By significant coincidence, another American was going through the same experience in the neighboring city of South Bend, Indiana. He too was serving as chairman of the campaign of the Community Chest. His name was Paul Hoffman, and we had come to know one another while serving as trustees of the University of Chicago. He asked me to come down and make a campaign speech for him, which I did. After the meeting we drove over to Lakeside, Michigan, where we spent the night at his summer home. There, in front of his fireplace, we formed a deep and abiding friendship, and the unsuspecting forces were set in motion which took me eventually to the White House as a member of President Eisenhower's staff.

Colleges too have had an important part in building my own protective network of activities for retirement, but here I was born to it. Education is in my blood. Once more I am grateful to my father for the subtle influence which he has had on my life clear through to my senior years, though I did not sense this at the time.

Father was for years the president of the school board in Newark Valley, when I was growing up. The brick building which housed both the grades and the high school stood just across the village green from his store. There were always teachers boarding in our home, and seldom did a suppertime pass when the school was not discussed. Principals were hired and

fired in our sitting room. Mother even used to say that I was born just as the second bell was ringing.

It was instinctive with me, therefore, to accept when I was asked to become president of the school board for the grades in my Chicago suburb. In Winnetka the office seeks the man, and when a committee from the board waited upon me one evening to say that I had been chosen, it was equivalent to election. Later I was swept into office by an overwhelming vote of confidence that consisted of nineteen ballots actually cast.

I was not quite prepared, however, for some of the unexpected directions in which this experience led me. For example, while I was being indoctrinated into the mysteries of progressive education, I also had to learn economics. My incumbency exactly paralleled the great depression, for it ran from 1929 into 1934.

At one point the collection of taxes was suspended for eighteen months, and we had to run the schools on funds voluntarily advanced by the taxpayers.

I also learned about art. The WPA assigned an artist to do a mural for us, but, when it was done, we all thought it was dreadful. We just could not bear the thought of having that ugliness glaring down at our children. Not daring to destroy it, we just walled it up. There it stands to this day, for all I know, behind a false partition.

As with my father, my relationship with education

paralleled the progress of my children in the schools. When my two daughters left the grades and advanced to preparatory school, I served on the board of that institution. When they entered Wellesley, I joined the board of that fine college. Activity in alumni matters brought me to the Harvard Board of Overseers, and various forms of civic responsibility to the Board of the University of Chicago. Finally, to my great joy, during my senior years, I have appeared as speaker or seminar leader on many campuses ranging from Cal. Tech. to Colby. I wish that more businessmen would come to know the thrill of sitting across the desk from eager young minds who are quite prepared to take his most cherished convictions apart one by one, unless he can defend them.

For some men, the inevitable physical ailments of the senior years themselves turn out to be constructive forces. Such was my own experience, for example. Once I had accepted the incredible concept that I had actually suffered a coronary thrombosis, I threw myself with enthusiasm into the work of the Heart Association. Because of what I had done, and who I had been in the business community, I was able to make a special contribution by challenging industry to bring the same energy to the prevention of heart disease that it gives to the prevention of accidents.

These civic interests which men may share, and which can follow through into retirement, are infinite

in variety—professional societies, the fine arts, archaeology, music, and so on through the entire gamut of human relationships. This yeasty process, which touches so many lives, is typically American, and should be one of our proudest boasts. We are a nation of volunteer workers. When we are at our best, we meet social responsibility by joint effort, freely undertaken. The man who does not catch this vision in his active life — and unhappily there are many who do not — misses the boat twice. He not only fails to live worthily in a world where every citizen must pull his weight if our country is to survive, but he thus thoughtlessly puts behind him the most effective single antidote to boredom in retirement. But having made his bed, he must lie in it. If he never learned to have a significant part in the responsibilities of the community around him before he is sixty-five, he is doomed. He will seldom develop it thereafter.

Once again this raises the question of why it is that some men during their active years in business seek out and put together an impressive array of activities that are unrelated to the job, and that follow them into retirement to give them safeguards against mental and physical deterioration. What is it that starts some men off on the right trajectory early in life, while others, working alongside them in exactly the same environment, never seem to get off the launching pad?

There are some men who are almost pathetically envious of the stimulating activities in which their friends participate, but who do not themselves know how to begin. They stand by wistfully waiting to be asked, but no one notices them.

There is one further thought on the subject of friendships that needs to be noted, and it is this: to form them is one thing, and this comes easily for many people, but to maintain them requires a very special quality that not everyone possesses. Conscious effort and considerable imagination must be devoted to keeping alive a broad network of friendships with such vitality that it will be a sustaining force in retirement, and this is an altogether different art from that of creating it in the first place. The hail-fellow-well-met who constantly adds new acquaintances to his collection, but who jettisons them just as readily later on, will have no durable fabric of fellowship in his later years. He will not be remembered by those whom he forgets. At least not with respect. If he wants to transmute acquaintanceship into enduring friendship, he must work at it.

The best way to keep old friendships alive, while adding new ones, so that the network grows continuously, is by writing letters. But only a few do this well. For many it is a dull chore, to be undertaken only when the pressure is irresistible. This much is clear,

however. The man who writes few letters when he is active will get fewer still when he is retired.

The basic rule of good conduct for a letter-writer is that he never fails to answer every communication, no matter what its merit may be. A gentleman not only replies, but does so the same day, if possible. When a man takes the trouble to express an idea to you, his kindness must not be ignored, no matter how bad the idea may be.

The letter does not have to be formal to be effective. The more natural it is, the better. Often a note scribbled on a scratch pad is best of all, because it bears such an obvious stamp of sincerity. The sin unthinkable is to let someone else actually draft a letter which the sender signs. The fraud is almost always apparent, and it tells the recipient that his friendship is held at low value.

All of this still leaves unanswered the question of what it is in a man's life that triggers the whole process, that starts the forces which hold him firmly in the life of the community when suddenly his job terminates. For each man there will be a different answer, and not even the backward look taken at sixty-five plus may fully reveal it.

In my own case, one significant factor was a certain facility for public speaking. I learned early to stand up before an audience and say offhand, without manuscript or notes, what was in my mind. This was un-

usual. It marked me as different. What I said was ordinarily no more than what most of my friends believed too, but the fact that I could express it, and that they could not, caused me to be the one who was remembered. Inevitably my circle of acquaintances widened each time that I was asked to speak, and automatically my areas of interest and enthusiasm broadened each time that I raised my voice on behalf of a new cause. Without realizing it, I was thus steadily adding to my network of continuities and safeguarding my retirement.

Why I should have been able to do this from the very beginning of my business career is a question to which I gave no thought at all at the time. It seemed the perfectly natural thing to do. But looking backward from retirement, I now recognize that not many of my contemporaries had this gift, and I am grateful that it came to me. When I try to explain it, I reach the conclusion that it was a combination of three things: heredity, early training, and, later, conscious effort to perfect myself.

As to heredity, my father was a most articulate person. He had no formal education other than what he received at the little red schoolhouse down the road from the farm where he was born, but he could express himself clearly and volubly. The general store over which he presided at the corner of Main and Water Streets in Newark Valley, New York, was the

men's club of our town. He was not only the store-keeper, but the president of the school board, the postmaster, the organizer of the lecture course, the highly unsuccessful Democratic candidate for the legislature, and the acknowledged discussion leader on the issues of the day. His campaign card, which I still have, shows him to have been resolutely opposed to "Odellism, the canal grab, and the trusts." He communicated ideas even while weighing out a bag of sugar, and was chronically late for supper because he hated to close the store if there were still any men around who wanted to talk. I can still see my mother opening the little window high on the wall at the back of the store, which opened into our dining room, and asking wistfully if he would not please come up.

But my father's gift might well have missed me had it not been for my mother's earnest determination that I should learn to think and speak on my feet, and her skill in the training of children which she had acquired in a brief period of study at the state normal school at Cortland, New York. I was certainly no more than four years old when she made me my first Santa Claus suit. It was bright red, trimmed with white flannel, and was made extra large so that a pillow could be stuffed in the front. Somewhere she acquired a mask with long white whiskers, and somehow she contrived footwear that looked like patent leather boots.

From then on until I graduated from high school, I presided at every annual Christmas tree celebration at our Methodist Church, and at the family party with all our cousins at grandmother's. In the early years, I recited a "piece" which Mother wrote, but by the time I was twelve I was on my own. She made me write for myself, and encouraged me to ad-lib in the spirit of the occasion.

At fourteen, Mother took me to Waverly, New York, where she entered me in an elocution contest, from which I came off with first prize, a silver medal of sorts which is still my proudest possession. With this head start, when Harvard came along, it was inevitable that she would urge me on until I not only made the varsity debating team in my sophomore year, but won the Coolidge Debating Prize as a senior, thus following in the distinguished footsteps of Hans von Kaltenborn.

With this background it was almost inevitable that I would carry on with public speaking after I left the university. As a young lawyer practicing at Ishpeming, Michigan, I began to give the commencement addresses at the nearby high schools, the Memorial Day speeches at the cemeteries; became president of the Lions Club, president of the Northern Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and superintendent of the Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church.

When, therefore, I moved to Chicago and entered

the steel industry, I was ready — ready to take on any assignment of a public nature, whenever the call came, either from my industry or from the community. I did not realize then that I was preparing for my retirement too, but nothing that I could have done would have returned richer dividends in my senior years.

But also there came to me from my parents a tradition of community service, without which the mere capacity to express oneself is meaningless. There was no worthy cause in Newark Valley in which my father and mother, working as a team, did not have a part, and no child of theirs could have failed to respond to such influences.

All of which deepens my conviction that satisfactions in retirement spring chiefly from forces set in motion long, long years before.

IV

One Telephone Call

MY SISTER, who is older than I, tells me that when I was a very small boy my mother used to tell the neighbors in Newark Valley that she felt sure that Clarence would wind up in the White House.

And I did, though what happened was perhaps not exactly what my mother had in mind.

This privilege which came to me so unpredictably in my senior years, of serving on President Eisenhower's staff, was, of course, the richest experience of my life.

I saw history in the making. I knew intimately the men who carried the destiny of our country in their hands during times of great crisis, heard the temper of their speech, and watched their minds and wills at work. Though not a Cabinet officer, I was invited by the President to be present at meetings of the Cabinet, and at those of the National Security Council. Sitting on the sidelines, I observed at first hand the

moving drama of great events as the executive branch of our government faced up to the awe-inspiring problems of the nation, both domestic and foreign.

My particular field of responsibility in advising the President was foreign economic policy. During his second term in office, I was designated as his special assistant in that area, and as chairman of his Council on Foreign Economic Policy. My function was coordination. I had no authority whatsoever, and everyone understood that. Decision-making lay with the heads of agencies. My effort was directed merely to the establishment of mutual understanding and unity of purpose among men of good will when questions that affected foreign economic policy crossed departmental lines — as they did most of the time. It is difficult to see how any President could carry his great responsibility effectively without having staff members to perform this function for him. His days must always be far too full to do it for himself.

That this great experience should have come to me late in life seemed incredible at the time, and it is even more so now in retrospect. Yet it was a manifestation of the American concept of calling upon individual citizens to share in the processes of government.

It documents my present thesis that satisfactions in retirement stem from forces set in motion by a man in his earlier years. What he has done before carries him

irresistibly into what lies ahead. And again, if he has set no waves in motion by middle age except those associated with his business, he will have only still waters after sixty-five when his job has been terminated.

The ways in which these unseen forces operate in a man's life are mysterious beyond words, and no one can foresee them at the time. With the backward look, however, they stand out in sharp perspective, and nothing could have been more bizarre than the sequence of events which snatched me out of the steel industry, and onto the White House staff. The release mechanism was my friendship with Paul Hoffman, but the setting of the stage began in Cambridge.

In June, 1947, at the Harvard Commencement, amidst the warm fellowship of my thirty-fifth reunion, I heard General George C. Marshall announce the new plan for American financial aid in the reconstruction of postwar Europe. Never for a moment did it cross my mind that this concerned me as an individual, nor did it for my classmates. Which is not to our credit, for it has touched the lives of all of us closely ever since. For myself, the call to duty was just around the corner.

Early the following year, President Truman chose Hoffman, as a businessman and a Republican, to assume the leadership of this vast new undertaking. Immediately he had to have help, and he turned instinctively to old friends.

He telephoned me late one Friday afternoon in June, 1948, and by the middle of the next week my desk was closed, and I was on my way to Paris. There I joined Averell Harriman, who had preceded me by only a few days, as his steel and coal consultant.

Never was a businessman uprooted more suddenly, or more completely. My whole life thereafter was transformed. One telephone call did it, and that call would never have come through had I not believed in the philosophy of the Community Fund, and made a speech in South Bend, Indiana.

By the following September the organizational phase of the Marshall Plan had been completed, and my initial assignment had been met. I had surveyed the problems of the steel and coal industries of Europe, had filed a report with Ambassador Harriman, and had recruited for him a permanent staff in my field of responsibility. The time had come to get back to my job, so in my innocence I went home, as so many other men called into government service have done, believing that this part of my life was finished. I had served my country, and was now free to resume my normal activities.

Actually this was just a beginning, and it will always be that way for any man called into government. Once he has glimpsed at first hand the enormity of our national problems the routine matters on his desk back home never seem quite so significant again.

The very next spring I was back in Paris once more, and that first return taught me sharply the lesson that serving one's country is not something that you can ever hope to lay aside as finished. Emily and I had gone to Europe on pleasure bent. One afternoon the phone rang in our room at the Crillon Hotel, and when I answered, I recognized at once the familiar voice of Ambassador Harriman's secretary. My conscience twinged, for I had not gone to call on him, thinking that with his complex schedule it was a kindness to stay away.

Her first words were, "So you're ducking the boss!" I was astonished, but she went on, "We know all about you, and I can name several places where you have been." Naïvely I had overlooked the fact that I had seen several people who might well have been expected to report my presence to the ambassador. Crisply she said, "The boss wants to see you. Please be in his office at four on Saturday." And I was.

Harriman was alone. Leaning back in his chair, and without a note in front of him, he said, "Last September you made a report to me in which you made the following recommendations: A, B, C, D. Here is what I did about each of them, and I now want your further advice." Never again, I there promised myself, would I assert my own incompetence as an excuse for refusing a request from someone in government.

Between 1948 and 1953 I took on several additional

spot assignments in Europe in connection with the Marshall Plan at the request of Paul Hoffman. And Emily and I traveled there on our own in addition. Not only did this widen my acquaintance among the career officers at our various embassies, but it gave me, as well, a chance to enlarge the circle of my friendships in the European steel industry. For example, I had had some part in planning the loan by our government through which the new plant of the Steel Company of Wales was built at Margam, and Emily and I were invited to be present when Prime Minister Gaitskell pulled the lever that started the rolling of the first steel ingot.

As it later turned out, this was the training period for my White House service. Gradually, by continued exposure to the problems, I was acquiring an understanding of the economy of Europe, and an acquaintanceship among those who bore high-level authority, both in England and on the continent. I did what I did solely because it interested me, but had I known what responsibility I was to assume later, I could not have had better preparation.

Throughout this period I was president of my company, carrying the full load which that implies, but I sensed no conflict between my obligation to my company, and that to my country. Not only do I believe that my business obligations did not suffer, but that actually I was a better executive because of the un-

usual challenge which these activities brought to me. I felt then, as I do now, that participation in national affairs is the paramount duty of a corporation officer.

In 1953, during the third week of July, there came another series of telephone calls which accomplished the ultimate and permanent uprooting in my life.

The Eisenhower administration had before it in severe form the controversial questions concerning world trade which seem to be endemic in our national consciousness. Resentment was rising against the United States, not only in the mature countries, but in the less privileged areas as well, Latin America in particular. New and bold steps had to be taken.

Before submitting a program to Congress, the President decided that it would be useful to have a comprehensive study made by a special group which would combine in its membership some private citizens chosen at large, and key individuals from both houses of Congress, all selected on a bipartisan basis. He felt that this new commission might carry more weight if the chairman came from industry. When he asked the Cabinet for suggestions, Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, proposed my name, and then, quite independently, George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, made the same suggestion. The President then asked them to invite me down to lunch with him.

I shall not soon forget that day.

It began with an early breakfast at my hotel in Washington. Understandably the White House staff was curious as to what sort of person I was, and Sinclair Weeks brought round Dr. Gabriel Hauge, the President's Special Assistant for economic matters, to look me over. Thus began another deep and warm friendship. Here was a man much younger than I who was at all times a tower of strength, combining to an extraordinary degree wisdom and honesty of purpose with native shrewdness and clarity of thought and speech.

Recalling the beginning of this rewarding partnership of mine with a younger man inspires me to pause and make this observation. Each man in retirement needs urgently to seek out the companionship of men younger than himself. Their thinking must deliberately be added to his intellectual diet. He requires the newness of their ideas to offset the staleness of his own. If, with his mind on the past, he talks only with his own contemporaries he will slip gradually into mental stagnation.

During breakfast Hauge gave me one interesting sidelight on how I came to be chosen for this new post. At the outset John Foster Dulles had been strongly opposed to my selection. The secretary had been displeased with an article about the Schuman Plan which I had written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in which I had expressed the fear that the new steel and

coal community might one day become the world's greatest cartel. He pictured me in his mind as a reactionary, and above all as a protectionist in tariff matters.

Sinclair Weeks, however, had seen my first book, *A Creed for Free Enterprise*, which had been published just a month or so earlier through the friendly interest of Ted Weeks of the *Atlantic*. That little volume had contained a chapter giving my philosophy on foreign trade. Secretary Weeks sent it over to Secretary Dulles, and upon reading it the latter decided that I was a fair risk. Hauge added that my statement came as close to expressing President Eisenhower's own convictions on the subject of foreign trade as anything that he had seen in writing.

At eleven o'clock that morning I had a half-hour with Sherman Adams, and once more I began a relationship which I valued greatly as the years passed. Here was an able and dedicated American, whose place is forever secure in the esteem of those of us who worked closely with him, and who saw at first hand his wise and effective leadership. History will confirm the fact that those who so ruthlessly drove him out of government did their country a great disservice.

At one o'clock Governor Adams took me to the President, and that was a moment which will always live in my memory. The entire majesty of America

comes welling up in the mind and heart of a private citizen when for the first time he is ushered into the presence of our Chief Executive, and the occasion becomes completely overwhelming when he realizes that the purpose of the conference is to offer him a call to high duty.

Luncheon followed at the White House with selected members of the Cabinet. The President outlined the purposes and objectives of the new commission which he proposed to appoint, and those present gave me the benefit of their counsel. I left in a high state of emotion, which was one part spiritual uplift, and one part mental uncertainty.

Moreover, as I walked humbly and thoughtfully away from the White House, I suddenly realized that in giving the President my acceptance I had reversed myself.

I had been a supporter of Senator Taft before the nominating convention of the Republican party in 1952. I had met General Eisenhower once when he was President of Columbia University, and had admired him greatly, but I had come solemnly to the conclusion that a man whose whole life had been spent in military service would lack the administrative skills and the flexibility of mind required for the Presidency. Yet here I was, willingly enlisted in his service.

How strange all that seems to me now. I could not

have been more wrong, and the new image which, as the years passed, became indelibly impressed on my mind, and which will remain forever, is that of a man whom I admired more than any other I have ever known.

The so-called Randall Commission met for the first time in the Cabinet room at the White House on September 22, where the President addressed us, and finished its work on the following January 23, when I delivered our report to the President. We had survived strong differences, and had kept our tempers. The general consensus at which we arrived was such that the President adopted our report, and made it the basis for his presentation to Congress.

It was a Saturday morning when I had the honor of calling on the President to lay our report before him. Wearing sweater and slacks, he was sitting relaxed at his desk in conversation with his brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, when I was shown in. His cordiality was most disarming, but fearing that I would trespass on his time, I rose shortly, and said, "Mr. President, this has been a great privilege, but now that my work is finished, I will say goodbye."

But it was not to be. With a captivating smile he held out his hand to me, and said, "Sit down! Don't you say goodbye to me! You are going to stay right here and help me lay this matter before Congress."

So I stayed, and stayed, and stayed — right through

until January 20, 1961. I did not close my desk until he closed his.

First, in my new enlistment, he asked me to take the chairmanship of a new Trade Committee, which he established within the executive branch. This consisted of an assistant secretary from each Cabinet department that touched the subject of trade, together with staff members from other appropriate independent agencies. It was our responsibility to talk the whole subject through exhaustively in round-table meetings, iron out differences of viewpoint, and arrive at a solid consensus without burdening the President. Without such leadership on the part of the White House staff there can be no real teamwork in the executive branch, in my opinion. All those who hold parallel responsibility in the various departments are entitled to be heard before decisions are taken that affect their areas of authority. Government is too diffuse and far flung for it to be safe to let policy be formed by single individuals, acting on impulse, and relying upon their own omniscience, no matter how brilliant their minds may be.

We then drafted the legislation which was to be proposed to Congress, and continued as a consultative body for assistance to those members of the White House staff whose duty it was to follow the subject during the period of long and heated debate which took place on the Hill.

Eventually that task was also completed. Once more I prepared to go home, but once more I re-enlisted.

By this time it was clear that the entire subject of foreign economic policy, of which trade was but one part, urgently required continuing coordination for the reason that it touched so many areas of authority in the various departments.

For this the President turned to that fine American, Joseph M. Dodge of Detroit, who had already served his country in so many important capacities. After making a careful survey he recommended that a new medium for coordination be established to be called the Council on Foreign Economic Policy, and this the President did by executive order. Dodge was its first chairman, but in the fullness of time, it was imperative that he return to private life.

So one morning my telephone in the Executive Office Building rang, and I recognized at once the voice of Governor Adams. He was unique on the telephone. He never wasted time in saying, "Hello," but started right in talking the moment he came on the line. His first words gave me the tip-off that something new was about to happen in my life. We all knew the meaningful phrase well. He said, "Are you all right?" There was never but one answer to give, so I replied, "I'm fine," at which point he said, as always, "Then come on over."

So I went over, and by that afternoon I had been sworn in as Special Assistant to the President for foreign economic policy, and Chairman of the Council on Foreign Economic Policy. From then on until the end of the administration I held those two posts.

I offered no resistance. By then I knew in my heart that I had for years been receiving special training for that field of responsibility, and that if I refused to go forward there would not be time to find another man from the field of business and give him similar experience.

Once more my function was that of coordination among equals who bore separate and unrelated responsibilities on subjects that crossed departmental lines. Without authority of any kind I provided a medium by which unity of thought could be achieved.

All day every day when I was in Washington I worked at it, as did my able and devoted staff. Sometimes I would call informally the appropriate assistant secretaries, and together we would work the problem out. On the larger questions I would call a meeting of the Council and at the secretary level we would discuss the matter. These meetings were a sell-out. The junior staff all liked to come, for the debate was apt to be lively, but we almost never failed to develop a position which all could support.

When I did my work well the President did not know that I was doing anything. It was our endeavor

to conserve his precious time, and to send to him for approval a proposal from which there would be no dissent thereafter at the Cabinet level.

For a man in retirement this was an absorbing experience, but at the time I missed part of its significance in terms of its impact upon my own life.

Actually what I was doing was preparing for my next retirement. By the time January 20, 1961, came along I had already created a new continuity of interest which would carry through into the period that was to follow. Thereafter, as a private citizen, I found it both exciting and rewarding to keep abreast of the new developments that began to occur so rapidly in the field of foreign economic policy.

V

Change of Pace

THE NEXT GUIDELINE for the man who would be wise in retirement is the importance of change of pace. For full happiness, he must arrive at a balance between activity and leisure. To commit himself exclusively to incessant effort defies the laws of nature, and parallels in folly the torpor that results from complete idleness. No matter how vigorous his behavior appears to his friends, the passing of the years inevitably lays its heavy hand upon him, and must be respected. He must plan systematically to pause for the refreshment of both his body and his spirit.

He does this first by imposing restraint on his daily schedule. He must work fewer hours. He should rise in leisurely fashion in the morning, whenever the spirit moves him, and have done forever with the old alarm clock routine. He should have a deliberate breakfast, possibly even in his room if he can persuade anyone to bring it to him, should then linger over the

morning headlines, and take plenty of time in getting himself ready for the day. He should not apologize for not hitting his full stride until mid-morning. He should eat simply at noon, and sit awhile at table, relishing good conversation with congenial companions. If he is a cardiac, he should then take a rest period of forty-five minutes, no matter where he may be in the world, and ignore completely what may appear to be the exigencies of the moment. If, happily, he is not a cardiac, he should adopt the same routine in order that he may not become one.

For the evening, he will have a quiet but thoroughly enjoyable dinner, making this the meal of the day, unashamed to seek out and relish excellent cuisine. This can be done within even stringent dietary limitations. But good food requires good talk, and this he will cultivate. He will do this in small groups only, however, and will avoid large gatherings. Above all, he will shun like the plague that social monstrosity which has lamentably been imposed upon our generation by the powers of evil — the cocktail party. Nothing is more certain to raise the blood pressure, harden the arteries, weaken the brain, or cause elderly legs to wobble than to be trapped into standing for two hours surrounded by the utterly fruitless brouhaha of such occasions.

He will, of course, close his day with the meditative

satisfactions to be found in about three chapters of a good book.

There will also be one further bit of conscious planning and discipline in his practice of change of pace. He will sandwich into his bursts of useful activity bursts of enthusiasm for his favorite recreation or diversion. He is not living the full life that a senior should unless he stops cold every now and then to do precisely what he wants to do for no better reason than because he wants to. Radiant zest for living must never fail him, or life itself will fail.

No two of us have the same release valve, but we all need one, each pursuing his own special form of madness, for such is the characteristic privilege of the senior citizen. To plunge into something just because it is being generally done would defeat the whole purpose. I have known many older men whose cherished recreation was complete anathema to me, but I have admired them for doing precisely that which gave them the greatest lift.

I would not think of raising Arabian horses, but some of my best friends do. I never broke par in my life, but for Mr. Eugene Grace the ultimate in satisfaction was that he played his age. He shot a 68 at 68, a 69 at 69, and a 70 at 70. It is not in my character to go out to India just to shoot a tiger, but I respected no end a friend of mine for whom that was the goal. He

brought if off in the middle seventies. There are those who must go to Norway or to Labrador to kill a salmon, those like Mr. Lamnot DuPont, who must go on improving their backhand long after their friends have given up tennis, and those who are content merely to be known as the best gin rummy player at the club, but whatever it is, there must be in the life of every happy and useful senior a strong pull of *joie de vivre* to the very end.

Family ties take on greatly enhanced value, too, and for their fullest enjoyment must be cultivated thoughtfully, and without haste. Getting to know one's grandchildren, for example, is an experience that cannot be hurried, for it is their convenience which has to be met. They are not always around, as children were, but have to be pursued, and not all grandparents do that skillfully. The senior who in other activities displays great personal force is apt to do a bad job at this. It requires a subtle touch indeed to sense the opening out of the minds of the grandchildren into adolescence and adulthood without undue intrusion into their lives and those of their parents. The man who has always prided himself on his understanding of human relations may find himself involved here in a new set of rules.

Always, too, there are those in a man's own generation in a family to whom life may have been unkind — brothers, sisters, cousins, or an aunt of very ad-

vanced age — and these must have a very special place in his life. In the long ago they had ties of close affection with him, and they must finish that way or he is disloyal to his own origins.

To deal with these various forces with moderation, and, above all, to achieve a proper balance between creative activity, and the required repose of body and spirit, calls for a high degree of understanding and self-discipline; much more, in fact, than is commonly recognized by the younger people who whisper to each other about the foibles of their elders. It is so easy to be led into excesses — either those of effort, or those of lack of effort. A man of high conscience, who responds to challenge, takes on a new assignment, finds it exciting, and then has difficulty in turning down the next one. Soon he has too many. On the other hand, the man who yields completely to the lures of idleness can drift into total uselessness from which there is no return.

The key to this dilemma is selectivity, a deliberate picking and choosing among the various opportunities for useful living that offer themselves, so as to arrive at the proper blend of effort and relaxation. Each demands the other, and neither should ever be fully denied.

Here are some guidelines for the making of such choices, which I offer from my own experience, to the man who is approaching retirement.

Never become the indispensable man again. Let no one persuade you to accept a new position that will require continuous long-term responsibility for its fulfillment. Take no new commitment except one that can be terminated on reasonably short notice without permanent damage to the institution that is involved. The uncertainties of health and personal status are too obvious. Let there always be a good man coming along behind who could take over if need be. The best rule is to select a short-term job, lick it, leave it, and then take on another when the time is right.

As it turned out, I myself was wondrous fortunate in all this. I had not thought this creed through in advance, but I believe that I lived up to it, for I did in fact strike a balance between starts and stops in activity. I always had more things ahead than I could possibly do, but I learned to turn activity on and off like a faucet.

During my years of service at the White House, many of my friends thought that I was living an utterly mad life because I flew back and forth each week between Washington and Chicago, but they were wrong. I planned it that way and wanted it that way. I used to say that I was an amphibian. I spent part of my time on the high dry land at home, and then returned refreshed to plunge again into the deep and stormy seas of the international economy.

Governor Adams made it clear to me at the outset

that he hoped I would be able to carry my new duties on a half-time basis. He said that it would be important for me to keep in close touch with the business community at all times by returning to it frequently. He wanted me to keep fully abreast of current business thinking. He specifically urged me, for example, to continue the memberships which I held on various boards of directors.

My later experience taught me how wise this was. Washington is a cloister, inevitably. Men there who are locked in by the very necessities of their responsibilities tend to talk only with each other, and get cut off from the broad streams of public opinion throughout the country. Inbreeding of ideas is an ever-present danger. I had the advantage that whenever I went home I was savagely attacked. I was continuously compelled to defend my position before hostile critics. Even old friends said that I had been greatly changed by my residence on the Potomac. There was truth in that, but the mere process of fighting back clarified my thinking. A Cabinet officer could profit from this intermittent scrubbing of ideas by outsiders, but he cannot have it for the simple reason that the urgency and complexity of his duties demand unbroken residence at the seat of government.

On the other hand, there were two things which a Cabinet officer must always be ready to undertake which I was privileged to avoid.

In the first place, I never appeared in public as a spokesman for the administration. I was an adviser, one who helped to form policy, but who did not have authority to carry it out. I could therefore indulge a passion for anonymity. I met the press, but only for background briefing, under what is known in Washington as the Lindley Rule. That meant that the reporters might appropriate and use as their own any idea which I expressed, if they liked it, but that they might not attribute it to me.

Secondly, I never appeared before Congressional committees. That was an assignment for those who carried decision-making responsibility, and who had authority for the carrying out of policy. I had one or two narrow escapes on this, however, and once or twice had to be tough about it. Several committee members who did not favor my liberal views on world trade enjoyed gunning for me, on the hypothesis that my poisonous influence was too far-reaching in that field. One day the hostile chairman of a committee had before him a witness who came from the State Department. He said to that officer with considerable heat, "I direct you forthwith to telephone Mr. Randall and summon him to appear here immediately." The officer called me in considerable panic, but I took high ground. I said, "Say to the chairman that Mr. Randall refuses to appear — repeat, refuses to appear

— and that he will come only if directed to do so by the President.” That ended the matter.

This insistent self-effacement was perhaps not altogether in character for me, but it was both right and necessary. I dealt with the formulation of policy in an area where there was bound to be difference of opinion among those who had authority, and it was important for that reason that I should never be publicly committed on policy.

But this unaccustomed reticence on my part had a singular impact on my private life when I practiced change of pace. When I went home and joined my friends, we had nothing to talk about. They knew that I was at the White House, but that was all. Having no clear idea of what my duties were, and no grasp of the range of questions that came across my desk from day to day, they were at a loss what to say to me. They were fearful too, as I was, that if their inquiries became searching they might involve me in confidential matters which I should never discuss with anyone. As a consequence, to cover our mutual embarrassment, we were compelled too often to indulge only in small talk that took no one anywhere.

I observed this same phenomenon in the lives of others of my government associates, and came to the unhappy conclusion that one of the sacrifices which must be accepted in the course of serving one's coun-

try is the erection of barriers across old relationships. Many of the earlier friendships have to be meticulously rebuilt when the government service is finished.

My wife, however, was a constant source of satisfaction. She knew all that I was doing, shared my every frustration. Except for the limitations on secret information, which I observed to the smallest detail even with her, there was nothing that I was involved in which she did not follow with the closest interest. This was an important escape mechanism, for there were times when I was so bursting that I simply had to talk with someone.

Together we practiced what I have just been preaching. Periodically, we just dropped everything and ran away. We raised to a fine art the enjoyment of the short breather with responsibility of every sort cut off. Communication, too, when we could.

Our favorite hideout was our own special enclave in Paradise, known familiarly to our family as "Camp," and found in the upper peninsula of Michigan. We have two islands in a large inland lake, which are jewels beyond price. We live on one, and look at the other. There are no electric lights, no telephones, no sounds at twilight but the mystic call of the veery. There we could be just by ourselves, and savor the calm which must occasionally come into the lives of us oldsters, if we are to carry the loads we want to carry. Surely it must have been that way with Foster

Dulles, and his lady, when at rare intervals they disappeared completely from the international scene to spend precious hours alone together on their beloved Duck Island.

But we did other things together, too, in our periods of pause. Each February, for example, we took time out for Arizona. It was always the same two weeks, so that we could be with old friends. Kenyon Ranch was the spot, and it lies just north of the Mexican border. There no one had the slightest interest in the fact that I was currently serving on the White House staff. All that mattered was whether I could ride a horse, tell the pyrrhuloxia from the phainopepla, and be fast on the draw with a wisecrack.

Occasionally, Emily joined me in Washington, and in our library of happy memories none are quite so precious as those evenings when we were privileged to dine with President Eisenhower and the First Lady at the White House. Often, too, she was able to join me when I had speaking engagements, or participated in conferences at various colleges, and several times she accompanied me when I went overseas in the course of my official duties. Such respites fitted perfectly my concept of change of pace, for we needed no one else when we could be together.

Temporary withdrawal from activity is one thing, however, and severance another. So long as activity continues, there can be no absolute cutoff, and there

really should be none. The respite is rather like going into the next room for a short rest, and leaving the door open in case something urgent should turn up. The little light keeps burning in the back of the mind, even while the battery is being recharged, and this should be so. I learned not to resist the fact that no matter where I was new ideas that bore upon my responsibilities would keep popping into my mind. I might be paddling a canoe, watching the red sun sink on the opposite side of my lake, or splitting a piece of cedar for my fireplace, when suddenly I would sense a new angle on a government problem, see what the next chapter should be in the book that I was writing, or hit on the subject matter for a talk that would be coming up soon.

And almost always something urgent did turn up just when I thought I was safely withdrawn. I learned early, for example, that there was no sure escape from the White House. There was no forest so impenetrable, no sea so wide, but that the amazing Miss Earle, the chief telephone operator, and her fabulous assistants, would find you. They always got their man.

I had supposed that my camp was invulnerable. It is four miles from the nearest crossroads, plus a boat trip, but they got me. Coming back from a long hike one day, I found a card nailed to a tree that bore this message, "Governor Adams would like to talk with you right away." The ingenious operator had called

the store in the village, guessing that they would know me, and a friend was dragooned into bringing the message down the lake to me.

And so it went, work and respite, bursts of activity, and periods of calm, held together in rough balance which always threatened to fall apart, but which never quite did. Thus it must be with every senior who desires to go on being useful, but who wishes, nevertheless, to temper effort with judgment.

VI

Second Language

THIS IS A SHRINKING world. The remote of yesterday has become the near at hand of today, and countries vote against us in the United Nations which five years ago we could not even locate on the right continent.

In such a world our capacity to enter directly into the thoughts and motivations of those whose culture is altogether alien to ours becomes of paramount importance. We Americans owe it to ourselves and to our country to become better linguists.

At the very least we need a second language.

We can hardly expect to master Urdu, Yoruba, or Persian, but each of us ought to have at his command a working knowledge of some language other than our own which is widely used in all parts of the world, such as French, German, Spanish, or Portuguese. The cultivated Turk or Thai may know English, or he may not, but if not, he is almost certain to have some facility in one of those four. When we meet him, and we must strive to do that more often, we should do so on

an even plane. We have been very deficient in this matter for a nation which boasts of its superiority in so many fields, and it urgently needs correction.

To achieve this in his own life is a perfect assignment for the man in retirement. It will test to the full his intellectual courage, and his power of self-discipline, but it can be done, and well done, if he will aggressively undertake the task. Once accomplished it will lift his horizons and open out to him captivating new areas of enjoyment.

For some it will be much harder than for others. The complete linguistic gift is a unique talent which is granted as a special endowment to some, and denied to many. It is not a function of the analytical mind, but rather an imitative quality, like playing the piano by ear. It is not to be confused with high intelligence. The multi-lingual interpreter at Geneva is seldom qualified to sit at the head of the conference table, though when the man who does preside possesses this talent also, his usefulness is enormously increased.

It is like that incredible gift of total recall of memory which some men flash with devastating effect upon the unwary. They may also be wise, and when this is true they may become great, but there is no necessary correlation between the two faculties.

Or it is like proficiency in higher mathematics. This gift can be a very useful working tool for the business-

man, but to possess it offers no index whatever as to the quality of the individual's judgment. The controller does not become president unless in addition he has a deep awareness of human values, and a proven capacity for leadership.

But I am not speaking here of the man who possesses a natural bent for languages. He who was born with this unusual talent will have developed it instinctively long before his retirement. I address myself rather to those who lack it, those who are so conscious of their defect that they have refused to try.

I hold the deep conviction that any man of good mind and strong will can tackle a new subject, however foreign to his own background, and make progress. Many a corporation officer becomes expert in the balance sheet and the cost statement who never studied calculus, and there are many who enjoy symphony concerts who could not play "Home, Sweet Home" on the piano if their lives depended upon it.

So it is with languages. Any man in retirement, who, in his active years prided himself on his ability to meet head on a new and unexpected problem in his business, can acquire a working knowledge of a second language if he will systematically devote a part of his new leisure to the effort, and bring to it that same old determination that made him the man he was in earlier years.

How does he do it?

If by chance in freshman and sophomore years in college he had elementary courses in the language which he chooses, that is all he needs. Remote though that C+ seems, the rudiments are there, and will come back as he goes along. If not, he takes twenty weeks at a language school downtown. This is tough medicine, for the lessons are often deadly dull, but he must have a toe hold. From then on he does it himself.

Right off he starts to read in the other language. Wherever he goes, on planes, in hotels, or at the beach, he carries a paperback written in it. This will be no heavy dissertation on economics or philosophy, but a narrative, preferably a yarn so exciting that the story will carry him along in spite of himself. For French, there is nothing better than Commissioner Maigret, that greatest of all detectives, who is the inimitable creation of Simenon.

In doing this it is imperative that our senior leave his dictionary and grammar at home. He will be driven back to them occasionally, but they are for reference, and not for instruction. When he does not know what a word means he skips it, and goes on. It will turn up soon in a new context, and after a few cross references the meaning will dawn upon him, and he will never lose it again. If he starts by trying to memorize a vocabulary no mental images will be created in his mind, and the words will quickly sink back into oblivion.

Ear training of course, is as important as eye training, and the two must go forward together, for as soon as possible the man must try to think in the other language instead of his own. It is a clumsy process to translate as you go, and that habit must be overcome quickly.

For the ear the mechanical devices now available are excellent. There are, of course, whole series of records in the shops that take the student forward step by step, in orderly fashion, which can be played on any living room hi-fi. Better still is the complete equipment now used by the Foreign Service Institute in Washington. All that the man has to do is to persuade his wife to let him take over an upstairs bedroom, set these gadgets up, and devote one hour a day to their use. On this device one voice asks a question in the language, and another replies. Then the question is repeated, and the student answers. When he has completed the lesson he goes back and replays the tape, checking his own pronunciation against that of the teacher. It is strictly a parrot-like operation, but very effective. Soon the words which he has been reading begin to turn up in the dialogue, and vice versa, and the two processes merge.

Early on, he starts going to movies in the foreign tongue. This will be disconcerting because he will have great difficulty in catching the nuances of the dialogue. The trouble is that the words spoken by the

actors are very often slang, or colloquial in meaning, and the sentences are broken, with the idea left half expressed. Nevertheless, the action portrayed on the screen hurries him along, and the sounds begin to sink into his subconscious.

From this he advances to lectures, particularly those given by some well-known personage from abroad whose vibrant personality makes the words come alive. He keeps his face straight, and no one knows how much, or how little, he is getting. He laughs when the others do, joins in the general applause at the end, and goes home benefited. Each time he feels more at home.

He also subscribes regularly to some publication from the other country, preferably one that is illustrated, and one that has cartoons. Again the pictures help. He knows from the pictures what the article is going to be about before he starts to study it, and quite probably he has just read a similar account in one of his American periodicals.

Finally he goes abroad, and sets out eagerly to visit what is now his favorite other country. There he plunges in headfirst. He talks to the taxi driver, to the porter who carries up his bags, to the maid on the hotel floor, to the waiter who brings up his breakfast, to the lady in the shop who sells him a necktie, and to anyone else who will listen. They will not mind his mistakes but will like him because he tries. Many of

them will know English but he must not let them use it. He must insist upon speaking their language.

Of a late afternoon he will sit himself down at a sidewalk café in the midst of a gay and happy crowd and just listen, trying to catch the scraps of conversation that come to him. If his courage holds he will watch for a chance to fall into conversation with the people at the next table. They will know from his clothes and his mannerisms that he is an American, and more likely than not they will be as glad to talk to him as he is to them. If his luck holds, they may suggest that they all meet again at the same time and place the next day, and this can go on until friendship begins, and they invite him to their homes. In small towns and villages this can very easily happen. In fact, he can even initiate it by inviting them to dine with him in a restaurant, after which their native kindness to strangers, which is often much greater than our own, will cause them to reciprocate.

I remember so vividly one such experience in Paris. It was June, and I was savoring the warm air of early evening by sitting alone at a small table by the sidewalk outside the Café de la Paix. The never-ending panorama of strollers was passing in front of me, and I was absorbed in this attractive human spectacle. Sit there long enough and everyone in the world will go by.

Gradually I became aware of voices at the table

next to mine, where my covert glances told me that three French married couples were having a neighborly *aperitif* together. Suddenly I sensed that they were talking about Chicago, and that they were regaling each other with horror stories about gangsterism in my fair city. This I could hardly take with equanimity, so turning in my chair, and trying to release my full charm, I said in French, "*Pardon — mais je suis de Chicago.*" That did it. When I said that I came from Chicago, they were at first astounded, then embarrassed, and finally convulsed. With a sweeping gesture of hospitality one of the men rose, placed a chair for me, and asked me to join them. Then for an hour we bantered gaily back and forth. I praised the glories of Paris, and they asked me questions about my home town.

Best of all as a technique for acquiring a second language late in life is to do it as a team, with husband and wife working together. Not exactly together, that is, but in parallel. Let him go it alone in his way, and she in hers, but touching elbows on it, so to speak, all the time. In that way what one misses, the other will pick up.

My Emily was a German scholar in her school days, and very good at it, but when I began to get excited about French she switched languages, in true wifely fashion. She joined a group of ladies who meet once a week with a Parisian-born instructress, and went seri-

ously to work. So it comes to pass that if in the evening she is sitting under her reading lamp with a new novel in French, or *Paris Match*, and is momentarily stumped, she will call across to me and ask if I know what the new word means.

Conversely, at dinner she will take pride in passing on to me a new colloquialism which she learned that day which I had never heard of. I have better taxicab French than she does, while she has the more accurate diction. Together we are working out a new experience which adds color and zest to our senior years, and one which completely transforms the great adventure of travel. There are few places in the world where there is no one who speaks either English or French, and the power to communicate lifts a foreign scene out of the guidebook and makes it real.

VII

The Where, Why, and How of Travel

FOR CHANGE OF PACE that really counts, there is nothing like travel. Today the whole wide world awaits the man in retirement. When his overseas plane makes its first landfall, all of his ties are cut. Every hour will bring new challenge.

And it is all so easy.

With no trouble at all, he can be up and away for Beirut, Hongkong, Copenhagen, Lagos, Paris, or Karachi.

Nor is the far-off world any longer primitive. There are good beds everywhere, and water runs through taps. We Americans still carry in our minds the image of the safari as typical of Africa, or the mountain expedition as typical of Nepal. This is no longer so. Wherever in the world today the jet plane touches down, there will be an air-conditioned hotel with good rooms and good food, and an American automobile with an English-speaking driver.

All that it takes to enter with zest into these new

adventures is boldness and imagination. The trouble with the desk bound man is that he keeps putting off the urge to travel until it is too late for him to begin. If he has never left the shores of the United States before he is fifty it is not likely that he will then suddenly set out for the Taj Mahal. Not even the combined efforts of a suppliant spouse and a travel agent will be sufficient to get him under way.

Once more the forty-year-old principle applies. Let young wives understand early that if they wish to travel in retirement, they must get their husbands overseas for the first time before they are fifty.

Planning an exotic trip to foreign lands is itself half the fun.

There should be maps, and timetables, and ship schedules, and guidebooks spread all over the living room table for weeks. The forthcoming trip should be the principal topic of family conversation. When friends return from some spigoty far-off place, they should be invited to dinner and pumped, both for ideas, and for caveats. My wife and I are heaven-sent to such neighbors, for we really want to see their pictures. During this glorious orgy of planning, this should be the guiding principle: take all the advice you can get, but in the end ignore most of it. Do what you really want to do.

No two people have the same focus of interest when they go abroad. Some travel to experience at firsthand

the great art of the world. For some it is architecture, for others archaeology. Those who are abreast of the great questions of the day will concentrate on the economy of foreign countries, or the nuances of the political relationships. For some, the main interest will be people, and there are even those who have no higher aim than just good dining. The point is this: what thrills one man may bore the next, and the two must go their several ways if change of pace is to bring new stimulus into their later years.

The bold man will do it all himself. He will even make his own hotel reservations, no matter where in the world he decides to go. It is just as easy today to make a direct reservation for Tokyo or Baden-Baden, as it is for New York or San Francisco. If I am to take my wife to Switzerland, and write direct to the hotel at Lucerne, while at the same time my friend makes his reservations through an agent, this is how it can turn out. I may have a room overlooking the lake, while he may see only the roofs at the back, this for the simple reason that the hotel must pay a commission to the agent, while they get the full rate from me. And, as for finding out what hotel to choose, the bookstores groan with good guidebooks for every part of the world, the airlines know all the answers, and almost invariably a friend can be found who has already been there.

The bold man will also master the health problems

that await him there and be unafraid. He will meet them with confident self-discipline, for the basic principles are really quite simple. Any good doctor can determine what inoculations are recommended for each country, and they should be taken well in advance. If there is a prevalence of malaria, preventive medication should be taken. In my experience this has been both tasteless and without aftereffects. Water is the principal thing to watch. When I am in Europe, I drink only bottled water. When I am in other parts of the world, no drop of water ever passes my lips unless I have personally rendered it safe. I carry a plastic pint flask in my flight bag, which I fill from the tap. I then drop in a halazone tablet, and thirty minutes later I have a safe liquid. I would not even brush my teeth with the tap water. And, of course, the most prevalent American indiscretion is to forget that ice cubes are made of water. No amount of alcohol surrounding the ice cube will make it safe.

Change of pace must be blended with moderation, however. The great temptation is always to do too much. Too many older people try to make the grand tour. In order to get the most out of their round-trip plane or steamer tickets, they stay away too long. I am a three-weeks fellow myself, or four at the very outside. After that a fatigue factor enters in, until finally there comes a time when the flood of new experiences and new ideas so engulfs the mind that a

man of senior years wouldn't even cross the street to meet Mona Lisa in person. The right thing to do is to go home just before he reaches that point. To get the most out of the experience, a man should always come back a little too soon.

But the available years are limited, and we must do the unusual as well as the conventional, sensing that it is just as easy to see the temples in Bangkok as it is to visit the chateaux of the Loire. A touch of the exotic should be spliced into each itinerary.

I love Europe, and know it fairly well, for I have been in every country west of the Iron Curtain save one, and Yugoslavia. The valley of the Dordogne is marvelous, but so is the valley of the Zambezi, and one is almost as easy to see as the other.

Take mountains, for example. I yield to no one in the admiration I feel for the scenery of Switzerland. My wife and I have flown the length and breadth of the Alps. On several occasions our plane has taken us directly over the top of Mont Blanc, and each new glimpse of it seems more lovely than the last. We first saw it as merely a vast expanse of glistening whiteness, with no rugged outlines to relieve the monotony, and then came the evening we shall never forget. On a flight back from Africa, we passed over Mont Blanc just as darkness was coming on. We were so low that we could see every crevasse, and the last slanted streamers of light, slightly tinged with rose, touched

up the contrast between the snow and the rocks magnificently. It was fantastically beautiful.

But we have also seen the Himalayas. The name means land of the snows, and this greatest mountain range of all, which stands as a barrier between Communist China and Asia to the south, has forty peaks that rise about 24,000 feet. Even the foothills are 10,000 feet above sea level. Here, less than one hundred and fifty miles apart, two great rivers rise, fed by the eternal snows, the Indus which reaches the sea at Karachi in West Pakistan, and the Brahmaputra which forms the vast delta that is East Pakistan. All India lies between the two. Magnificent gorges are found on each river as they cut their way through the mountains.

Entering Nepal by air from India, we first saw below us mountains that were forested like those of Switzerland, but on the skyline to the left were the snow-covered peaks of Tibet, land of mystery. Soon, however, mountains began to come in on us from the right too, and from then on until we reached Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, we looked down upon a wild jungle of jagged peaks, with occasional high altitude valleys in between. From time to time we could see patches of green on terraces that clung to the sides, which we were told were millet.

In the next half-hour, we had more excitement than in any similar period in our lives, before or since.

First, through the window on my left, I photographed Dhaulagiri, the highest unclimbed mountain in the world — 26,810 feet. Then I shot Annapurna, and my mind was full of the harrowing experiences of the French expedition led by Herzog. The name, oddly enough, means “full of food.” Hardly had I taken my camera down before we were over Pokhara, where, on the shore of a small lake, lies the summer palace of the King of Nepal. Nearby was a new high school, built by our International Cooperation Administration. The Soviets had given the King two power boats for his lake, but he could not get them in, and they were stuck somewhere on a distant railway siding.

Then suddenly, glory of glories, dead ahead was Mount Everest, shining like a white obelisk on the skyline. We were thirty-five miles away, but the rarefied atmosphere was so clear, and the visibility so perfect, that it seemed to be just outside the windows of the plane.

These memories are precious. We would now have none of them if we had always just gone back to the Alps.

Or take the subject of the ruins of earlier civilizations. Who can fail to thrill at the grandeur of the past of mankind, as revealed by the incredible remains? We have stood at the entrance of the Colosseum in Rome, and pictured in our minds the martyrdom of the saints and the contests of the gladiators. We have

flown over Corinth and on into Athens, passing directly over the Parthenon in the twilight. I remember how startled I was to find how large it loomed, and also to discover that the color is just a touch off white. And what a dream it was to stand on the balcony of our hotel and look toward Mount Hymethus, bathed in moonlight.

Lebanon means the land of milk and honey — or literally, fertile land with snow on the mountains. Incidentally, it was the early dwellers in this land, the Phoenicians, who coined the word Britain, which in their language meant land of tin.

From Beirut we drove some sixty miles to the ancient city of Baalbek, meaning city of the sun, which was begun in the time of Nero by the Romans, and which was added to, or detracted from, by men of many nations for several centuries thereafter. At one time more than a million people lived in the area, now there are a mere ten thousand. Our route lay first east, and then north, and rose rapidly from the sea until we passed over the highest point at 5,000 feet. There we paused to survey the breath-taking scene that lay below. We were looking down into a fertile valley that extends for seventy-five miles through Lebanon, and then goes on into Syria. Now called Al Bekaa, this paradise is the Promised Land of the Bible, and the breadbasket of ancient Rome. On the Syrian border stands a snow-covered peak (9200 feet) called Mount

Hermon, which is thought to be the holy place where Christ said to Peter, "On this rock I build my church."

And another thing which I do not understand is why people who marvel at the Roman ruins in Southern France, do not take the short hop across the Mediterranean and see those on the other side, which are much finer. We, too, have driven to Arles to see the best of all the arenas, so well-preserved that it is still in use. Matadors now chase bulls where once the gladiators fought. This, I remember, caused me to wonder what would be going on in the Harvard stadium twenty centuries from now. We saw, too, the ruins of the ancient theater, which must have had great dignity and charm until a man with a house to build used it as a quarry. We walked along the Alys-camps, a shaded avenue lined with sarcophagi that go back for seventy generations, and we have seen the Pont du Gard, the aqueduct which was built two thousand years ago to bring water to Nîmes. Here the engineers were so forward-looking that they collected the water on the north side of the hills so that it would not get warm in the reservoirs.

All these are fine, but just across the Mediterranean lie equally exciting relics of the past which few Americans ever see. And it is easy to do. The flight from Rome to Tunis, for example, is no longer than that from Rome to Athens.

We were housed with friends in ancient Carthage,

and as we walked along the old Punic port we saw a little boy playing in the sand. Suddenly he rushed to his mother holding something in his hand. He had just found an old coin which the wash of the sea had uncovered. Hard by was the picturesque little village of Sidi-bou-Saïd, the ancient home of Hamilcar, and the birthplace of Hannibal. Also nearby, as though to record the drama of the passing of the centuries, was the summer home of President Bourguiba, and a cemetery for the American soldiers who died in the invasion of North Africa. In all of our rambles about Carthage, we saw no other American tourists.

From Tunis we went on to Tripoli in Libya — an easy flight with magnificent vistas along both the desert and the sea, and on arriving found our hotel entirely comfortable. The power of ancient Rome dominated everything. In Libya, for example, there are over eighteen thousand stone cisterns which the Romans built to catch rain water. Today, when a dam is to be built across a wadi to make small irrigation possible, it is almost certain that the spot will have been chosen earlier by the Romans for the same purpose.

And what a magnificent drive there is going out along the ocean front to see further ruins. The man seeking change of pace will probably be the sole American as he travels in his modern car along a fine hard-surfaced road, but he will pass large stands of

date palms, groves of olive trees, flocks of white sheep and black goats, Bedouins in black tents, and stately camels. Eventually he will come to Sabratha, a Roman city in ruins that dates from about the beginning of the Christian era. It has the loveliest location imaginable, directly on the Mediterranean. There is nothing at all comparable to it in all Europe, and it is heaven for the man with camera and color film, for every shot that he takes of the artistic columns will have the blue of the sea for its background. And he will have it all to himself. Not even a postcard vendor will be in sight. Further out there is the still larger ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna.

Why must people do only what everyone else does when there is so much within easy reach that is totally different?

Once the senior travelers have tried their wings, and ventured into North Africa, the whole vast continent beckons them on. They can go on east to Cairo and view the Cheops pyramid, the statistics of which show that it contains 2,300,000 blocks, each weighing two and a half tons, or the step pyramid at Sakkara, which is the oldest known stone structure of man. But these are the conventional things. On the way to the pyramids they can, if they plan for themselves, drive for miles along an irrigation canal where they will see the gamoose, or water buffalo at work and at rest; flocks of white ibis following the furrows; camels

staggering under loads of sugar cane; children tending flocks of sheep and goats; and old men on donkeys (their contemporaries) threading their way nonchalantly through lines of buses and trucks. They can then go up the Nile to examine the treasures of the Pharaohs.

Or if they wish, they may fly on to Nairobi, touching down at Khartoum on the way, where the Blue Nile from Ethiopia joins the White Nile from Central Africa, and out of Nairobi they may visit the fabulous game parks of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. This last, unhappily, must be done soon or the game reserves may be gone.

But when I took my wife out on her first trip deep into Africa, I chose Nigeria. I wanted her to have a glimpse of history in the making, wanted her to see a country with a future, instead of just one with a past. Nigeria may be the key to all Africa. Here is a newly independent nation that already has a stable economy, a convertible currency, a truly democratic framework, and eminent statesmen in high offices. Her population of around forty million is one-fifth of that of all Africa, and she is destined inevitably for leadership among the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Going to Lagos was no problem at all. We practiced what I am preaching, and simply spliced Nigeria into

a conventional trip to Europe. We left Paris by automobile one morning in late August, and drifted toward the southwest in leisurely fashion. We saw Chenonceaux again, then tasted the cookery of Périgord and Quercy, while viewing old walled towns that were new to us, like Cordes, fortress churches like the one at Martel, and the river vistas of the Dordogne and the Lot. At Carcassonne I learned for the first time what the name meant — that a queen named Carcas had the trumpets blown for a parley with her besiegers to inform them politely that they would be well advised to go home because they would never starve her out. And she was right. Then after lunching one day on the Mediterranean, we crossed the border into Spain and spent two days on the Costa Brava.

From Barcelona we flew nonstop by jet out to Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, with no more fuss than one would have in flying from New York to San Francisco. We were on the same Atlantic Ocean that we would have seen had we gone to Biarritz, the only difference being that we were just above the equator. As to temperature, we were more comfortable than we had been in Paris, where it had been torrid. Upon arrival, we were met by the car and driver which I had arranged for in advance without difficulty, and driven to a modern air-conditioned hotel that was equipped with every modern convenience. The dining room,

too, was excellent. After Lagos, we went up to Kano in the northern part of the country. Again we flew by modern jet, and again had every comfort at the hotel. I have been in many towns in the United States where I have fared far worse.

To fly across the Sahara is in itself an unforgettable experience. We traversed it both ways in daylight — nearly four hours by jet — and the atmosphere was so clear that the sand lay like a carpet beneath us. I find the desert far more terrifying than the ocean, and I shall never understand how African slaves could have survived being dragged across it by Arab traders to the markets in the north.

At times, the Sahara, seen from above, is white with the whiteness of snow, and when occasionally stunted mountains thrust their dark shapes up through this shining brightness one could almost imagine that he is over Antarctica. Flying south this color turns first to ashen, then to gray, until fragmentary traces of vegetation point the way toward the ultimate green. Finally comes the big moment when you cross the Niger river, and the beginnings of cultivation appear once more.

So this is my formula for travel by seniors: don't forsake the conventional altogether, but boldly mix into it the new, the remote, and the exotic.

A friend of mine once said of me that I seemed just

as eager to splash around in new cold water as a Canada goose. He is right, but I just take to it instinctively, as the goose does. And so will any contemporary of mine who will take the first plunge.

VIII

The Unexpected

TRAVEL IS MORE than places. It is people. It is encounter. It is coming face to face with other human beings whose whole way of life is in startling contrast to our own — their food, their clothing, their housing, their religion, their education, their scale of values, and the purposes to which they hold fast. It is being pulled up short by the sudden realization that there is just an off chance that we may not be invariably right about things. It is being shaken out of our complacency, and being compelled to take a second look at some of the prejudices and attitudes which we seniors have developed over the years, and behind which we take shelter so comfortably.

How is this accomplished? How does the man approaching seventy who suddenly drops out of the air into a country which he has never before seen, quickly find new and meaningful companionships with foreigners? How does he meet the people, and establish

the sort of human relationships with them which would breed good talk, and set his mind churning into new channels?

First of all, he behaves as he did in his active years. He uses his ingenuity. When he needed new customers no one held his hand. He went out and found them. That is precisely what he does now.

First of all he goes to his home bank, and inquires whether they have a correspondent in the city where he is to make his headquarters. They either have one, or can get one. Then, upon arrival he goes around, meets the officer in charge, and takes him out to lunch. Over the coffee he says that he would like very much to meet some of the foreign nationals, and asks the privilege of arranging a small dinner at a good restaurant, to which the officer and his wife would bring some of their local friends. On this beginning he builds.

If he is a good alumnus and has kept in touch with his university, he has friends on the faculty. They in turn may know members of the staff at the university in the city which he has selected, and will be glad to write them of his coming. He calls, and once more invites the man and his wife out to dinner, relying on the principle that members of the academic profession, in whatever part of the world, seldom dine out as often as they would like to. Again, he improvises from that start.

Certainly, also, he will call at the American Embassy, or at the office of the Consul General. Our career officers are eager to help travelers, and they do it well. They, too, will be pleased to find Americans who want to do something beyond just following the guidebook routines. The best idea here is to try to capture a junior member of the staff and his wife, with some of their local friends, for an evening; their youthful enthusiasm for this foster country of theirs will be contagious.

But to do all this well requires a great deal of advance preparation. Nothing would be more boorish than to embark upon social amenities with proud and intelligent foreign nationals, and at once betray gross ignorance of the other country.

Travel at its best is drama. The supreme zest which it brings is the unexpected.

Without warning, we are suddenly caught up in some gay adventure, some sharp moment of tension, or some bit of drollery, that no one could have foreseen. What happens becomes our own very special bit of experience. Thereafter this colorful new vignette which has been etched in our memory lights up brightly whenever that particular time or place is mentioned.

I have many such, and here are some of my favorites.

It was June, 1948, when I arrived in Europe at the request of Paul Hoffman to join the staff of Averell Harriman, and assist in the setting up of the Marshall Plan. I had flown first to London to be briefed by British experts on the steel and coal problems of post-war Europe which were to fall within my area of responsibility. There I met others of the new group.

Late one afternoon we flew to Berlin. As we took off I tried to picture what my thoughts would have been had I been a pilot in wartime setting out to bomb the German capital.

Most of the way we were in the clouds, but now and then they would break open and we could see below. First Belgium, and then Germany with its neatly patterned fields, green forests, and occasional heavy war damage. Thuringia was lovely. At Fulda we turned northeast and entered the air corridor that crosses the Russian zone. We were all on edge because Russia had just imposed the embargo on the city of Berlin, and this was the second day of the airlift. Anything might happen.

All of a sudden, a plane flew directly at us at right angles. At the last moment it dropped and passed beneath us, and in a tense explanation on the intercom, the pilot told us that it was Russian.

But that was all. Little was said, but we gripped the arms of our seats pretty tightly. In just a matter of mo-

ments it was all over, and we had landed safely at Templehof.

It was September, one year recently. I had just flown in from Europe and was having breakfast in a little restaurant at Idlewild Airport. The room was nearly full, and the only vacancy was the chair next to me. Across from me was a pleasant looking young man. We had smiled at each other, but had not spoken.

Just then I saw coming in through the door a young Negro, carrying a Pan American flight bag. Instantly I sensed that he was an African, so I beckoned to him to come and sit by me. He hesitated, in a moment of uncertainty, and then came on. I asked whether he had just flown in from Africa. My question caught him off guard, but he was pleased, and said that he had. When I asked him where he had come from, he said Ghana.

I promptly adopted him, for I had been in Accra during the preceding March, and had received great kindness from his countrymen.

He had no idea how to order an American breakfast, didn't know in fact what we ate for breakfast. Eggs seemed safe, but, unhappily, this was a snack place, and they didn't serve eggs. So I had a whispered conference with a very nice waitress, and we gave him the following: orange juice, which he didn't really want; a bowl of Wheaties with half-and-half,

which he had never heard of before; and coffee, which he wanted very much. Toast he wouldn't touch.

He asked me to be sure and get his bill for him, and when I said that I wanted him to be my guest, he was grateful, but nevertheless insisted upon knowing how much it was.

When I asked him where he was going, he said that he was on his way to a veterinarian school just outside of Toronto, Canada. He had been delayed in the Azores by plane trouble, and the man from his embassy, who was to have met him, had apparently not received his message, for no one had come.

I was deeply troubled. My plane out to Chicago was nearly due to depart, but I could not bear to leave this boy in the impersonal vastness of Idlewild.

To get time to think as much as for any other reason, I turned to the boy across from me and asked him where he was from. Then, out of the blue, it came. His home was in *Toronto*, and he was flying back on the same plane that my student was to take. The Canadian said that he would gladly look after the Ghanian, and the last I saw of the two of them as I left the room they were chatting eagerly together.

Emily and I were in Agra, India. We had just spent an enchanted hour drinking in the beauty of the Taj Mahal. Motion-picture camera in hand, I had photographed it from every angle. We were pressed for

time, so reluctantly we returned to our car and driver, and started back toward the airport. Our way took us back through the city, which in itself would be well worth a visit if it were not so overshadowed by the Taj. The streets were crowded with traffic, both vehicles and people on foot, and our progress was slow. I was riding in front with the driver, while Emily was in the rear seat with a friend of ours from the embassy.

Suddenly she cried out with the sharp, staccato, "stop" which I know so well, because it means "I am so excited that I can hardly talk, so please don't argue with me." We stopped, and what a sight it was! Few Americans have had this unusual experience, which is rare even for those long resident in India.

Down the street was coming a holy man, or sadhu, on an elephant. His long, unkempt hair was swinging back and forth at the level of his shoulders with the rhythm of the animal, his short control goad was balanced on his right knee, and his dark eyes were looking right through us as he made straight for us.

The car had hardly stopped rolling before I leaped out into the middle of the street, raised my camera, and began to shoot. All traffic froze instantly, and a crowd formed round me. The sadhu was the only one not flustered. He knew exactly what he was about and kept on coming, while I let my camera run wild. Because I was looking through my finder, I had lost all sense of distance, and when the sadhu raised his stick

and stopped the elephant, and I lowered my camera, I could have reached out and touched that enormous trunk.

The crowd now began to get a little ugly, and loud talk started. They were not sure that they wanted me to photograph their holy man. I understood no word of Hindi, but I knew at once what they meant. They were saying "Dig," so down I went into my pocket and pulled out a rupee, a paper bill which isn't much, but which was all I had.

The sadhu, who had never taken his eyes off me, brightened visibly at this, and pointed to the elephant's trunk. The animal caught on too, and raised it toward me. I put the rupee in the end of the trunk, stepped back, and then the incredible happened.

The sadhu was holding out his hand expectantly, and the elephant had raised his trunk halfway up, when suddenly the animal sneezed, blowing my rupee a hundred yards down the street. The people, the holy man, the elephant, and I were all astounded, and there was a momentary startled pause. Then, with a cry, the whole crowd tore off down the street in mad pursuit of the rupee — not for themselves, but for their holy man.

Soon some eager citizen recovered it, and they came marching back triumphantly to place it in my hands. The elephant, obviously distressed at the entire matter, again held out his trunk, this time quite

penitently; I placed the rupee once more in the end thereof; the elephant made a perfect upward pass; the sadhu swept the rupee into his loincloth, gave the command of forward march to his faithful beast, and soon elephant and holy man were once more swinging down the street with infinite dignity, leaving me badly shaken, but convinced that I had a magnificent picture — which I did. If only I had had my wife put the rupee in the elephant's nose, and photographed that!

We were in Nepal, and it was Sunday evening, the Sunday before Christmas. All afternoon we had strolled about Kathmandu and the neighboring city of Patan, reveling in the tantalizing beauty of this remote mountain kingdom so recently opened to the eyes of curious visitors from the West. Lofty peaks of the Himalayas reared their magnificent crests toward the sky on all sides of the fertile valley. We were captivated by the happy faces and alert ways of the people.

We saw their temples, lavishly decorated with pagan figures, and when darkness fell it seemed to us that at no time in our lives would we ever again be so far from home.

The first United States Ambassador to Nepal had just taken up residence in this far-off capital, and was temporarily housed in a rather small dwelling, the liv-

ing quarters of which were up one flight of stairs. We were his guests for a delightful, informal Sunday evening supper, along with members of his staff.

Suddenly Emily held up her hand, and asked if we would all please be quiet for a moment. Her keen ear had caught the first sounds of music that was wondrously familiar, yet uncannily incongruous in those surroundings. We listened intently — there could be no mistake — “It Came Upon the Midnight Clear” was being beautifully sung by a chorus of children’s voices. We hurried to the top of the stairs and there below us was a little choir, chosen from the small American colony, being led in Christmas carols by a radiant Jesuit priest.

Home suddenly seemed very near.

It was the day before Christmas, about an hour before dawn. Emily and I had spent the night making a nine-hour flight from Karachi to Beirut. As we were passing north over Lebanon with the desert below and the Mediterranean on our left, we were wakened by the preparation for our landing. The first streamers of light were just touching the eastern horizon, and there, hanging lustrous and golden in the morning sky, was the most enormous star I think I have ever seen. “Star of Bethlehem” we both exclaimed, for the “little town” of the Scriptures was hardly a day’s camel ride away, and we reflected on all that the lands below us had done for the West, and the great debt

we owe for the Judeo-Christian spiritual heritage which they have given to the world.

There was another adventure which neither of us will ever forget, which was also touched off by my wife's quick ear for all things musical.

We were in Haute-Savoie, in southeastern France, and had spent the night at the delightful little auberge called Rostang, at Sassenage, some seven kilometers out of Grenoble. A dear friend of ours, a widow, was with us, and we had had a gay time with all the thrill of discovery, for we had found this spot ourselves. Our adjoining rooms had looked out literally over the tops of the trees. We had dined on guinea fowl, and a delicious concoction of potatoes, cream, and cheese which it takes nearly all day to prepare, called Dauphinois.

Next morning I was paying our bill, when Emily, who had stepped out under the trees, called imperiously to me to come out at once. I did so, and was electrified to hear the "Star Spangled Banner" being played.

With true instinct, Emily hastened into a side door that led into a pantry, and I followed. A television set was on, and it was from there that the sound of our national anthem was coming. Standing before the screen was the chef with his white cap on his head, and with him was a maid with a mop in her hand.

Breathless with excitement, we joined them. Not a word was spoken, but immediate and joyous comradeship was established between the four of us, as we stood together, watching and listening.

President Eisenhower was just arriving in Paris, and General De Gaulle was welcoming him to France.

I had been in the city of Tripoli in Libya on a government assignment. Emily was with me, as was also Colonel Paul Cullen, my devoted friend and colleague from my Washington staff. Our work was finished and we were to go on to Cairo. Goodbyes were said to our kind friends of the embassy staff, who had come to the airport with us, and we boarded the plane. It was a two-engined Vickers-Viking, like a DC-3, of Misrair, the Egyptian line, and was flown by an Egyptian pilot and co-pilot. We were to touch down at Benghazi, before going on to Cairo.

A brilliant African sun was shining down from a cloudless sky, and we were all eyes as we flew eastward along the coast with the desert on our right, and the Mediterranean on our left. This was a rich, exotic experience, and we were sensing it to the full.

Suddenly, when we were about ten minutes out of Benghazi, the seat belt sign went on. This I could not understand, and I sat up straight instinctively, in alarm. So did every other passenger. The plane was not in rough air, and there was not a cloud in sight.

Then I looked out the window, and what I saw below was like nothing I had ever seen before. We were flying at perhaps one thousand feet. With the sky clear above, the ground was completely blotted out. Great billows of what looked like smoke were rolling up toward us, as though we were passing over an enormous fire. It was frightening to see nothing but that swirling caldron of boiling gases.

Suddenly I knew. Emily knew too. She thought we were going to crash, for with deadly calm she said, "Don't you think you had better take your glasses off, my dear?"

We were caught in a ghibli, the dreaded desert sandstorm, so characteristic of the area, which drives across the Sahara without warning with full gale force behind it. Soon we began to circle, and we knew that we were over the airport. It was a weird sensation to be stacked up, not by fog or rain, but by desert dust. There was, of course, no ground approach system. The plane had to be brought down by visual aids only, and the land beneath was completely obliterated from view. I have never seen anything so impenetrable.

Time after time the pilot made a pass for the runway, and then gunned the engines to lift us again. Visibility was completely zero. On the ground I doubt if a man could have seen one hundred feet. Occasionally as the pilot would drop us down for a pass, the runway would flash beneath us at perhaps fifty feet, but

we would be crosswise, and not lined up properly. He had all the desperation of a man who had to get down, and we were sure there was not enough gas either to go back to Tripoli or on to Cairo.

Finally he did get down, bless him, with a pass that miraculously hit the runway right on the nose. I went up to congratulate him as he opened the cockpit door. He was dripping with perspiration, but not shaken. A stout fellow if I ever saw one, that Egyptian pilot!

Wrapping our faces in coats, we struggled into the tiny airport, where I rushed to a telephone, and with the help of a friendly customs inspector who spoke some English, called the embassy at Benghazi. (We have one there as well as in Tripoli.) It was the lunch hour, but a marine answered. I said, "Sergeant, listen carefully. This is Mr. Clarence Randall of the White House. I am in a ghibli at the airport. The ambassador is planning to fly this afternoon in a government plane from Wheelus Field to Benghazi, and you must stop him. Get through at once to the embassy at Tripoli, and to the commanding officer at Wheelus, and say that Mr. Randall says this field is completely inoperable." A crisp "Yes, sir! I understand, sir," came crackling back over the wire, and I was greatly relieved.

To my amazement, the pilot then beckoned to us, and we stumbled out once more into the ghibli and boarded the plane. There was no problem now, however, for we were headed in the right direction and

there was no danger at all of there being anything else in the air. In two minutes we were airborne, and in five minutes were up in the clear blue again, with the sea on our left and the desert on our right. From then on it was a lovely routine flight into Cairo.

I had supposed that this ended our adventure, but not so. Weeks later, when I was safely back at my desk in Washington, Ambassador Jones sent me the sequel, and here it is, a report to him from the first secretary at Benghazi. By any conceivable calculation of the law of chance, this could not have happened, but it did.

MEMORANDUM

To: The Ambassador

From: H. M. Symmes

Subject: Amusing but confusing incident attendant upon
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence B. Randall's stop at
Benina Airport, Benghazi, en route to Cairo

I believe you will be interested in the following account of Mr. and Mrs. Randall's brief stop at Benina. Although the incidents described now seem somewhat amusing, I must confess that at the time I found the harrowing thought that Mr. and Mrs. Randall might be lost in the ghibli between Benina and Benghazi far from humorous.

When I returned to the office at 2:30, I was informed by my secretary that the Marine Guard on duty, during lunch, had received a call from Mr. Clarence Randall at the Benina Airport shortly after 1 o'clock. Mr. Randall,

according to the message I received, wanted the Ambassador to know that a severe ghibli was blowing at Benghazi and that his plane had finally managed to land only after great difficulty, and that it would be better for the Ambassador not to return to Benghazi from Tripoli because of its severity. This message was communicated immediately by telephone to the Ambassador's secretary in Tripoli.

The ghibli was blowing in full force, and as I mulled over the message it occurred to me that the plane in which Mr. Randall was traveling could not have continued its flight to Egypt because of the ghibli conditions and that they were probably still waiting at Benina for the Embassy to bring them to Benghazi.

I therefore tried at this point to telephone both the airline agents in town and the Benina Airport in order to find out if Mr. and Mrs. Randall had proceeded to Cairo or if their flight had been held up at Benina. The agents were closed, and the lines to Benina were not working. Accordingly, I ordered an Embassy car and proceeded to Benina.

The ghibli was by far the worst I have yet seen. There were several large sand drifts on the Benina road. We could proceed no faster than 20 miles per hour and visibility was practically non-existent. As we drove along, it was necessary for the driver and me to breathe through makeshift handkerchief masks; I expected the engine to stop at any moment choked by sand and dust. We were finally able to reach the airport after 3 p.m., but it appeared to be deserted.

In the reception room, however, I saw a lady whom I

took to be an American, and I inquired if she was Mrs. Randall. She acknowledged that she was. I introduced myself, apologized profusely for the long delay in getting to the airport, and told her that the Ambassador had directed me to place his residence at the disposal of her and Mr. Randall. I added that I had an Embassy car outside and that if she and Mr. Randall were ready we could proceed.

During this brief conversation I had noted that Mrs. Randall seemed astonishingly relaxed and cheerful (a great relief to me) for I had assumed that the experience of landing in a ghibli and then having to wait two hours to see anyone from the Embassy would have been trying to say the least. Mrs. Randall destroyed this fleeting relief, however, by saying that Mr. Randall was out in the ghibli somewhere trying to find a car to take them to Benghazi. This news shook me indeed for the ghibli was shrieking in intensity outside and I knew that Mr. Randall had been ill some months ago. I had visions of his even being lost in the ghibli in an effort to locate transportation and I could imagine my trying to explain this to the White House.

At this point in my reflections Mrs. Randall called attention to a car that had just driven up outside the door and identified the driver as her husband. I rushed out, jumped into the front seat, introduced myself, and gave Mr. Randall the same detailed apology and invitation I had given Mrs. Randall a few minutes before. Again, I was astonished at how coolly Mr. Randall seemed to accept the situation. He said. "But why is the Ambassador

inviting us to the residence. We can take care of ourselves all right." As we joined Mrs. Randall inside, I said, "I have an Embassy car for you. Let us return your car to the geophysical people from whom you have borrowed it; and if you'll tell me where your baggage is, I will see that it is loaded in the Embassy car."

Both Randalls replied, "Our baggage is at the hotel. When the plane did not take off we returned it to the hotel." It took several seconds for the word *returned* to register. Then Mr. Randall said, "Besides, I cannot imagine why you people in the Embassy are worried about a simple oil man." I pointed out that we did not consider Mr. Clarence Randall from the White House a "simple oil man."

The story then came out. These Clarence Randalls were oil people who had just arrived in Libya. They had been at the airport in order to take a BEA flight to Tripoli. They were not *the* Clarence Randalls. Perhaps too hastily I bade them Godspeed back to Benghazi. My problem still remained. Had the Misrair flight for Cairo taken off in the ghibli? Had *the* Clarence Randalls been aboard? Where were they now if they had not taken off?

I could find no airline agents, so I spoke to the Immigration and Customs Authorities. Had they seen an American lady and gentleman on the Misrair flight? They had. The couple had gone to Benghazi! Then another Immigration official had the kindness to show me the manifest of the Misrair flight to Cairo. It showed that Mr. and Mrs. Randall and Colonel Cullen (whom I remembered as being in the Randall party) had left for Cairo. I asked if

they were sure that the passengers on the manifest had departed as planned. They were certain — I was not.

I asked if they had a telephone line working to Benghazi. They had, and quickly put me in touch with the Embassy. To be on the safe side I told my secretary to have Mr. Stackhouse contact all travel agencies and hotels to try to locate the Randalls and Colonel Cullen and extend to them the Ambassador's invitation. I then headed back to Benghazi in the ghibli.

To top everything, when I returned to the Embassy I found that Mr. Stackhouse had had an experience somewhat similar to mine. When he visited the Grand Hotel, he was told that Mr. and Mrs. Randall had just come into the hotel. It was several minutes before he discovered that these were the "oil Randalls" and that they had returned from Benina to resume residence until the ghibli had stopped.

Needless to say it was several hours before I was convinced that the "White House Randalls" had indeed left for Cairo and that they had not been lost in the ghibli between Benina and Benghazi.

I wrote the ambassador how deeply we appreciated the concern which the first secretary had for our welfare, and then complimented him on the vivid quality of his prose. I said that if he had only made this up, it surely would have won him an Atlantic first prize for new fiction.

IX

The Gentle Art of Dining

TRAVEL IS A many-sided experience, where the unexpected is so often delightful. This is certainly true of one's dining abroad. Whether in Paris or in Bangkok, the search for the best in cuisine can be high adventure.

Let me make it quite clear that I am not a libertine in food. I have severe dietary limitations, and am extremely calorie-conscious, but these are merely matters of self-discipline when I find myself in the presence of good food. They do not keep me out of fine restaurants, and my wife and I have no happier travel memories than those of the unusual culinary delights which we have enjoyed together in some of the distant places of the world.

This is not, of course, just a matter of the meal itself. It involves the location, the view, the people around us, the service, the time of day or night, perhaps the music — all that the French imply in that wonder-

ful word "ambiance." It is the whole adventure that creates the cherished image.

We Americans commonly think of the day as having three meals, but the traveler soon learns that this is not the full program for others. There are really five according to the British, whose perspicacity in these matters has not been recognized, for with them one may have an elevensy in the late morning, and tea in the late afternoon. For the discriminating traveler, even breakfast can be exciting. Emily and I will surely never forget one very special morning. It was Christmas day, and we were in Lebanon. Our breakfast table was spread on our private balcony of the St. Georges Hotel in Beirut. The sky above was a brilliant blue, and the sun was warm and friendly. Off to our left lay the infinite expanse of the Mediterranean, while below us, so close that I could have dropped a *croissant* into it had I wished to waste one, lay the deeper blue of the inner harbor. A skin diver was squirming about, some fathoms down, as though to entertain us. Across the bay glorious mountains rose from the sea, those on the skyline capped with snow, while on our right lay the busy city. Charge me with bias if you will, but I say that never before or since has there been toast so wonderful as that which was served to us with our dark English marmalade on that fabulous morning in Beirut.

But there was another morning, too, which stands

out sharply in our minds as one never to be forgotten. We were in Thailand, and our breakfast was served on the balcony of the inner court of the Hotel Erawan. Here there were perforce no mountains, no sea — only a swimming pool below of dazzling clarity and irregular outline. But on the delicate pink of the tablecloth, amid the pink napkins and the pink sweet peas, the soft-shoed waiter placed exotic red papayas, thereby causing an intoxicating sense of salubrity to come over us which lasted throughout the entire day.

There is no problem at all about where to take an elevensy. One may just stop with complete assurance at the first place of refreshment he encounters in either Devon or Shropshire, or almost anywhere else in England for that matter. But the place that Emily and I somehow remember best is Skindles, at Maidenhead on the Thames. The last time we were there the sky was brilliant, the extensive lawn a lush green, and the moving pattern of live swans paddling fearlessly among the small boats colorful.

In France, if we were to choose our favorite spot for the morning pause, we would be sitting high on the terrace at Sancerre, looking out over the broad and fertile valley of the middle Loire, and sipping a glass of the dry *vin du pays*. This is a hallowed spot for me. Below, in the distance, I would see the towers and park of the lovely Chateau de Peséau, where I was billeted for many summer months during my war —

the one in 1918. It was there one August morning that the chaplain, mounted on the only motorcycle with sidecar that we had, rattled across the ancient draw-bridge which spanned a moat still filled with water, and handed me a cable from my father-in-law which read MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BOTH WELL. PETER. It was thus that I learned of the arrival of my first-born.

When it comes to picking the ideal luncheon place, the one to be chosen out of all the memories of the past as the first to go back to, many things have to be weighed. For example, what type of scene shall be selected to suit the mood of the day? Shall the restaurant look out upon the broad expanse of a mighty river, or shall it command a view of the sea? Shall it be perched high among picturesque mountains, or shall it merely be so outstanding in itself that nothing else matters?

If a river is our first choice, come with us and we will fly out to Egypt. There we will lunch at the Omar Khayyám (pronounced as though it were Hayam — the K is silent). This unique *auberge* not only faces a great river, but is literally upon it. Basically it is a barge, and one that is anchored to the shore in only the most casual manner.

Here the cuisine is startlingly different, but excellent. For example, there is tahina, a yummy gray paste which you spread on the hard Syrian bread — which is itself delectable. For dessert, there is *konafe*, an in-

describable delight, which is like nothing in the world so much as shredded wheat rolled up with honey and nuts.

The view is the thing, however, for it is even better than the food. The window by your table drops almost to the level of the water. You keep putting off the picking up of your soup spoon and your salad fork, because of what you see. Stretching all the way across to the far side of the broad expanse of the Nile is the magnificent panorama of the river traffic. Coming and going is a steady procession of feluccas, cargo boats propelled by enormous sails. There is a bridge just above where the Omar Khayyám lies, and as these unique craft approach that point the masts must be lowered in order that they may pass beneath. On signal, sure-handed Egyptian sailors scurry up the masts in their bare feet and white robes to make ready for this operation, waiting until the last moment before furling the sails so that the momentum will carry the ship through. Otherwise they must resort to long sweeps.

It is a vexing dilemma for the traveler: the food is too good to resist, and the view too exciting to miss.

Should the mountains be our choice for luncheon, I will ask that on your next flight out to the Pacific you stop off with us for forty-eight hours in Japan.

We will, of course, spend the first afternoon seeing again the traditional things in Tokyo, such as the Im-

perial Palace, and the Meiji Shrine. Should it be December or January, the air will be crisp, and we will be amused as we watch the hurrying crowds racing for work, when we see many of them wearing what look like hospital masks, in an effort to keep from inhaling infectious germs.

Next day, we will drive for three hours far out into the country in order that we may taste the delights offered at a mountain resort called Fujiya, where the parklike grounds are graced by an ancient water wheel and a curved red lacquer bridge over a tiny stream. But the big thrill will come en route. With luck, as we round a certain curve, the overcast will part, and there will stand the enchanting white cone of Fujiyama, Japan's sacred mountain. They say that if you see it on your last day you are sure to come back.

For a midday meal on the shore of a beautiful lake, I will take you far north in Finland. Leaving our comfortable quarters in the modern Palace Hotel in Helsinki in midmorning, we will drive for two hours through pine and birch forests in which the most meticulous modern forestry is being practiced. Occasionally the cutting of timber will give way to neat farms, with rich wheat fields, and with fodder crops drying in bundles impaled upon sharp sticks.

Our destination will be Aulanko, near Hämeen-

linna, where the delightful summer resort restaurant looks out upon a bewitching combination of water and forest. You will be served *heina sorsa*, which is wild duck just down from the arctic tundra, while for dessert you will have *lakka*, also called cloudberry, which is a white blackberry that grows in bogs. It is to be hoped that the traveler will not bend his lower denture on the leg of the duck as I did, and have to straighten it by pounding it on a water faucet. This is a hazard of age and not of travel in Finland however, for it could just as easily have happened in Winnetka.

For luncheon by the sea, it would be a toss-up between two favorite spots of ours, both in France. More than likely, we would drive west from Cannes along the sea until we came to La Mere Terrats, at la Napoule Plage. There we would be served out-of-doors under a trellis. Not an American word would be heard. Not even the cat responds to English.

We might, however, decide to go still farther west so that we might have a window table at La Balette, and look down at the quaint harbor of Collioure, which is below Perpignan, and not far from the Spanish border. At either spot we would be looking out at the flashing Mediterranean, and within would watch the teamplay of wife at the cash desk, and husband in the kitchen.

For a luncheon memorable for the sheer excellence

of its appointments, the impeccable quality of its service, and superb cuisine, come back north with us once more, this time to Sweden.

Leaving Stockholm, where our rooms at the Grand Hotel look out across a channel from the sea toward the Royal Palace and the House of Parliament, we will drive along the southern shore of Lake Mälaren, which penetrates far into Sweden. We must proceed carefully when we approach those signs that warn us of a moose crossing. Coming back in the afternoon, we will follow the northern shore.

Our destination will be the Stads Hotel at Eskilstuna, which has no peer for gracious attention to the traveler. Take, for example, the delicate touch of unostentatiously placing small American and Swedish flags on your table before you are seated. As to the meal itself, the *pièce de résistance* will naturally be Swedish pancakes with lingenberries.

There are luncheon places, too, where the charm lies in the beauty of the surrounding formal gardens. Such a one is Mont Carmel at Barberaz, near Chambéry, in southeast France. Coming from Switzerland, you reach it by a lovely drive along the shore of Lac du Bourget. Passing through Chambéry, you are suddenly confronted by an enormous bronze statue, consisting of four elephants, one facing in each direction. This reminds you that here is where Hannibal began his crossing of the Alps. At the restaurant you are

served on a veranda, under a gay umbrella, and all around you is a riot of color from flowers and shrubs. On the skyline are the rolling hills of Haute-Savoie. And the crayfish are delicious.

The grand prize, however, the supreme award for the finest luncheon to be found anywhere in the entire world, must unquestionably go to the renowned Restaurant de la Pyramide at Vienne, in central France. The founder, M. Fernand Point, unhappily is now deceased, but his widow is carrying on the great tradition.

Here, too, there is a garden, a poem of vivid bloom, and immaculately tailored plots of lawn, divided by paths along which it seems almost profane to walk. Service is out-of-doors, beneath great trees.

To ask for a menu would be sacrilege. Let the *maitre d'hotel* assume full responsibility, and course will follow course, suavely and effortlessly, as though your precise desires had been long known in advance, and carefully prepared for. Complete hypnosis seized me when I was there, as mystery after mystery was placed before me, until before I knew it I had committed the ultimate horror. Bird watcher that I am, I ate a thrush.

But I must hasten on, or I shall never finish my day. I cannot omit the high terrace at Bürgenstock in Switzerland, where one may look across Lake Lucerne toward Mount Pilatus, and down toward the grassy

point which Wagner knew so well. I feel great nostalgia for that little Swiss farm in the mountains where Emily and I once stopped by chance, and the farmer's wife grilled us a *truite bleu* which she had just caught in her own pond. And then there are all those gay places along the Seine out of Paris, like Du Fruit Defendu. But there are still more meals to come.

If we were in England, we would take the afternoon pause at the Shaven Crown at Shipton under Wychwood, as much for the name as for the scones. But actually, for afternoon tea all that you need is to be in a land where the British flag has once flown, for there the beverage itself will be properly brewed, and the full English tradition preserved.

So come with me to Accra, the capital of Ghana, on the west coast of Africa. We will sit by the window in my air-conditioned suite, for which, by the way, I shall be paying no more than I would for a single room in any of the fine hotels in Paris. The service will be prompt, deft, and friendly, but the cuisine will not be African. When the luncheon is served in our suite, it will be European. You will see no manioc, for example. The primitive forests and ancient clearings of Ghana abound in game birds — six varieties of guinea fowl, six of grouse, and eight of quail — but they will not be on the table. Deep-sea fishing off the mouth of the Volta River will some day be a sportsman's paradise, but the fish are not yet on the menu. Without a

doubt, the manager of the state-owned hotel is Swiss, and he feeds you as he would in Geneva or Zurich. Curiously enough, the fierce heat of African nationalism has not yet taken the form of creating pride in native food. On the contrary, it causes Ghanaians to prove that they are on an equal plane with Europeans by serving European food as well as Europeans do. And they do. But this time it is not for the dining as such that we have come. We are here to watch the human pageant outside.

The hotel stands alone, with no other structure near it. Outside is a broad avenue where Ghanaians like to come and stroll, while across from us is a gracious park, shaded by great trees, where there are broad benches on which Ghanaians like to sit and chat. Tall, athletic men will stride by, wearing their colorful robes with great dignity. Women will pass, carrying heavy burdens on their heads with ease, and we will admire their erect bearing and proud posture. Now and then will come a young mother, with her baby on her back, the little body snugly encompassed by her robe just above her hips, and the tiny head bobbing contentedly on her shoulder as she walks. Laughter will be everywhere, for the Ghanaians are gay of spirit, and we shall not want to leave.

When it comes to the full satisfaction of a leisurely dinner in the evening, there is, of course, no place in the world like Paris, no city anywhere that even ap-

proaches it in the wealth of its gastronomic possibilities. The choices which the discriminating traveler may make are infinite in variety, and eventually out of his own experience, his own trial and error, will come a fixation on one special spot so dear to him that inwardly he resolves never to share it with another living soul except his wife. He found it, and his it shall be forever, unless he yields to the ever-present temptation when he gets back home of dropping it casually into the conversation in order that he may register surprise when his sophisticated friends are compelled to confess that they have never heard of it before.

At the head of the list stand the four restaurants bearing the coveted three star ratings by Michelin: Maxim's, Tour d'Argent, Grand Vefour, and Laperouse. Each of these is worth placing a slight second mortgage on the old homestead for a single visit, but the one which will most quickly expose the newcomer to the special quality which sets Paris apart from all other cities is Tour d'Argent. Forget that it is slightly on the tourist side, and go.

Perched on the top floor of a multi-story building, its broad expanse of glass, which completely encircles the dining room, commands a superb view of the Seine River. Much of the barge traffic will have tied up for the night before you arrive, but as the darkness descends you will see the brilliantly lighted *bateaux mouches* carrying their passengers up and down, like

floating fairylands. But completely dominating the entire scene will be the grandeur of Notre Dame Cathedral, which rises majestically from the river in the immediate foreground. On those evenings when the Paris monuments are illuminated, the lights in the restaurant go out a moment or two before ten o'clock, and then, suddenly, the breath-taking glory of this great edifice is revealed by floodlights. Once experienced, this sight is never forgotten.

There is a ritual about the dinner. It should begin with *bisque d'homard*, and *sole cardinale* should follow. Then will come the masterpiece for which the restaurant is renowned — duck with orange. You will be given a card on which is inscribed the particular number of your own duck, counting in sequence from the founding of the institution. Emily and I still have our first card, which we received in 1930. Dessert will be *soufflé grand marnier*, which should be ordered immediately upon arrival.

But there are so many, many, other fine places to dine in Paris, of every category, to suit every taste, and to meet the requirements of every purse, such as: Laurent, Lucas-Carton, Taillevent, Prunier, Joseph, Petit Bedon, Chataigner, Vert-Galant, Closerie-des-Lilas, Lasserre, and so on, far into the night.

More, too, in the Bois de Boulogne, but when reaching out into the country it might be better not to stop so soon. Beyond the Bois lies Bougival, and the Coq

Hardi, where the food is divine, and where the hillside at the rear of the garden is a floral cascade of pink hydrangeas.

But let no one think that France has a monopoly on superior cuisine. Fine dining may be found nearly everywhere in the world today if one has the ingenuity and persistence to seek it out, and the temerity not to just follow the crowd.

Take West Berlin, for example. By the unforeseeable accidents of timing which come to those who plan long ahead, Emily and I arrived in that city of torment on the very day that the armor moved up to the wall in August, 1961. I had a busy time with my motion-picture camera next day, and as evening came on we had some apprehension that dining out might be frowned upon.

Not at all. When we arrived at the Aben restaurant, all was calm. All about us were German families having a quiet evening out in normal fashion.

Next evening, after a discreet inquiry, double-checked, had developed what I needed to know, we arrived (early as always) to become almost the first patrons of Kottlerzum Schwabenwirt, and we had such fun that we stayed a long, long time. There were three rooms, each of which was a memorial to an older restaurant that had been destroyed when Berlin was bombed.

The menu offered a dazzling array of German cook-

ing, all to be done precisely to our individual specifications, and making up our minds was difficult. We decided to forego the appetizers for we were not happy at the marrow on toast which our neighbors at the next table were having. Veal was offered, cooked in three different ways, but since there were three of us we abandoned controversy and chose the roast duck. For dessert, however, there was no difference of opinion whatever among us. It must always be pancakes in Berlin, and we chose those that were laced with currants.

Throughout the dinner there was highly diverting entertainment. An elderly gentleman, one of my contemporaries, played the zither, and with only a slight clandestine stimulus on my part, he teamed up with my wife to sing all the familiar German lieder, which she does extraordinarily well. From that point, we went on to the "Whiffenpoof Song," and when it came to the "Bah! Bah! Bah!" we shook the rafters, to the great astonishment of the good burghers around us.

No one should underrate the taste of the Italians. Let the doubters go to Portofino. Let them sit by the rail of the restaurant called Pitosforo, which is perched precariously high on a rock above the tiny harbor. Hardly bigger than a cove it is, but the pleasure yachts of the area like to tie up there. They will be alive with the goings and comings of gay vacationers, and the traveler will be hard put to it to keep one eye

on what goes on below, and one on the ravioli on his plate. Off to the right, is a rocky crag on top of which is an ancient castle of sorts. Just down from this old stone structure is a crotch in the rocks. With luck, at about ten o'clock, a full moon will rise that will shine precisely through that niche, whereupon the surfeited diners will declare that of all persons in the world, they are surely the most blessed.

But perhaps by now you are ready to be really bold. If you have advanced to the point where you are prepared to break with all of the old traditions, and go wherever impulse calls, in order to experience the unusual in fine dining, fly out to Yugoslavia with Emily and me, and be our guests at Zagreb.

This will give us, too, an extra dividend, for we must spend a night in Vienna en route, and we will have one dinner there. The choice between two favorite places will be vexing. We surely would be tempted to drop in at the ancient and honorable Sacher's, crossroads of the world, if for no other reason than just to watch the pianist as we enter, and see him suspend whatever waltz he is rendering, and break into "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." But, on second thought, it might be better to go to Drei Husaren, in order that we may have pfannkuchen Rothschild, or pancakes with strawberries, or even the dessert to end all desserts, pfannkuchen with chocolate.

At Zagreb we will be housed comfortably in the Palace Hotel, and will not be disturbed that the maid speaks only German, because she smiles so broadly all the time. The beds will be made with what I call the Innsbruck system, which means that there is nothing on top of you that tucks in, and you spend the night juggling and retrieving a slippery puff.

We will first spend an hour walking about the streets. It is a strange sensation to do this in a place where you are the only foreigners in sight, and where you do not understand a single word of what is said around you. But there is nothing unpleasant about it. It is also strange to be on broad streets where there is almost no vehicular traffic at all, and where the pavement is merely a place for pedestrians to cross and recross at will.

In the late afternoon, we will drive out into the country. For the first hour we will be in lush farmland, with green crops ready for the harvest. There will be ox teams, and hand mowing, and women carrying pumpkins on their heads. Then, leaving the plain, we will climb into the mountains over winding roads, amidst dramatic scenery. Just as darkness falls, we will arrive at our destination, an ancient castle known as Chateau Mokrice. From within will come gay song and laughter as we drive up, and as we enter we will find ourselves surrounded by party-minded Yugoslavs. Multiple groups of a dozen or more men

and women will be seated at long tables, dining together and singing their hearts out, often with excellent harmony. The food will be simple, but first-class, and once again we will have pancakes with chocolate. Driving home in the moonlight, we will be glad that we have added this high adventure to our list of unusual memories.

X

Encounter in Turkey

LIKE A TORCH flaming into the sky against the blackness of the night, there stands out in my memory the eerie picture of my relationship to one distinguished citizen of another country. Chance brought us friendship; mutual respect deepened it; stark tragedy closed it.

Not a thing did we have in common when we first confronted one another. Geographically we had been separated by nearly half of the globe. In terms of birth, education, experience, language, and religion, we were as different as two human beings could possibly be. Yet twice, on separate occasions, three years apart, without preliminaries of any sort, we embarked upon serious discussions which brought us directly to a full meeting of the minds. Not only that — our hearts met as well as our minds, for out of our full understanding ultimately came deep mutual respect and affection.

The country was Turkey.

The man was Adnan Menderes, Turkey's Prime Minister, whom I knew in Ankara in 1953, and again in 1956. Twice I headed special missions to Turkey for our government; twice it was he who sat across the bargaining table from me. Not once did it cross my mind that he was in personal danger, but later he died, with the stain of guilt upon him, at the hands of his countrymen. Just a few short years after I saw him for the last time, he was removed from office by a military coup. First, imprisoned for months on a lonely island in the Sea of Marmora, he finally faced a firing squad on September 19, 1961, and was executed. And when that sentence was carried through, something that I deeply cherished went out of my life.

I pass no judgment on the merits of the punishment. No American should. It is our weakness always to judge of the circumstances of another country by our own frame of reference, and not by the standards which those other proud people have established for themselves. This was a decision made by Turks, for Turks, and it must rest that way. But now that I have met other men who hold high office in other emergent nations, I cannot help but wonder who will be next, and when.

This is the story.

In 1953, when, without warning, I was suddenly drafted from industry into government, I found that I

was scheduled to play immediately in a double-header. Almost at the same time that President Eisenhower appointed me Chairman of the Commission on Foreign Policy, my old friend, William Rand, of Boston, acting as deputy for Harold Stassen in the field of economic assistance, asked me to go out to Turkey as chief of a small special mission. The two did not overlap in time, and I could find in conscience no compelling reason why I should not do both.

So off to Ankara I went, in August, taking Emily with me.

The objective of the mission was to determine, by using Turkey as an example, what the factors were which limited the flow of private investment capital to a developing country, and then through a pilot operation to demonstrate that something could be done about them.

I had two teammates, both wisely chosen: Graham Mattison, an investment banker, and Redvers Opie, an economist. Athens was our rendezvous. The evening before, Emily and I flew in over Corinth and Athens, with their lights of mystery and magic sparkling below, stood for a few heavenly moments on the balcony outside our bedroom window looking out toward Mount Hymethus, which was bathed in moonlight, then fell exhausted into slumber. We were up early for our flight to Ankara, but stole time on the

way to the airport for a look at the Acropolis and the Parthenon. I remember thinking how much larger the temple was than I had imagined it would be.

We flew from Athens to Ankara in a converted DC-3, which the army called a "Plush." Emily saw the Greek Isles, but I saw only the inside of the cabin, and the tense faces of my companions as we planned our campaign. I suspected that I would have to go off the deep end just as soon as we arrived, and so it turned out.

The Prime Minister was waiting for me.

I was shown at once into the state conference chamber, and there he was, in the center of a long table, flanked by his cabinet ministers. He and they rose to greet me, and then without waste of time, he invited me to sit down directly across from him. With me were my colleagues, and an interpreter. Protocol was dispensed with by his simple and direct manner. In many countries, we first would have been wearied by a heavy luncheon and meaningless chatter. Not so in Turkey. We went straight to work.

The Prime Minister opened the conference with a friendly statement of welcome, which had a ring of sincerity about it I liked, but again he wasted no words. With that behind him, he attacked directly the hard core of the matter which we had come to discuss. In careful English, he made a declaration of intent on the part of his government, which expressed their firm

determination to do whatever we recommended that would bring foreign capital to Turkey. Had I said it myself for the United States, I could not have said it half so well.

Then came my turn, and I made an earnest presentation of the importance of releasing within the Turkish economy the full power of private initiative. Most urgently I stressed the necessity of examining each new policy adopted by the government to determine whether it would serve to make their country more attractive for the investment of foreign capital. One by one I outlined the measures which I believed would best promote that objective.

Menderes and I were now looking each other earnestly in the eye, and you could have heard a pin drop in the room. Almost at once he dispensed with the services of the interpreter, and at the end of each of my sentences, as I paused, he made the translation himself. His early years in an American mission school made that possible. I chose short phrases, and our minds locked in tight understanding. The conference was finished in a single hour, but when we left, I suddenly realized that because of his insight and immediate comprehension I had done what I had been sent to do.

No chief of state could have moved more promptly or decisively. A cabinet meeting was held as soon as I left the room, and full instructions were forthwith

given to Polatkan, the Minister of Finance. After the coup, he too was adjudged guilty of crimes against the state, but certainly toward me his conduct was both impeccable and efficient. Next morning he invited me to call upon him, and there in his office he gave me the precise assurances that I had come to seek, which were as follows:

A new investment law for the safeguarding of private capital would be passed in exactly the form which my associates had drafted.

The laws governing the organization of corporations, which in Turkey had been copied from those of continental Europe, would be amended by adding alternate provisions to meet American customs and standards.

All restrictions against the bringing in of foreign personnel in connection with new investment would be removed.

A promotional agency would be established in the United States for the purpose of drawing opportunities in Turkey to the attention of American corporations.

Nor were these idle words. Precisely as promised each of these steps was carried out, and I had hardly returned to the United States before I began to hear from businessmen who knew Turkey that the whole climate for foreign investment had been greatly improved.

My job was done.

Yet not quite done either. There were still the social occasions, which gave me further opportunity to observe the mind and spirit of the Prime Minister. Always I found him attractive, always seemingly dedicated to the advancement of his country.

At these times, Emily made an extraordinary contribution, as she always does. The warmth of her personality rises completely above the language barrier in each new foreign situation that we encounter, and she meets people with such a rare combination of dignity and charm that they invariably accept her in a spirit of genuine friendship. Her French was not then as far advanced as it is now, but I was proud of her for trying. When, on our first evening a dinner was given for us in the beautiful garden of the lovely state mansion by Koprulu, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, she went through the whole evening with her host in that language, for he had no English.

On our last morning, the Prime Minister and I made our formal farewells in his superb office, he flanked by his cabinet, and I by my associates. We vied with each other in trying to say gracious things, but underneath was a serious undertone of deep satisfaction that agreement had been reached, and that the purposes of the mission were to be fulfilled. I had been captivated by Menderes, the man, and having reached a high degree of intimacy with some of his staff, I said

this to one of them as I turned away: "Into whatever country God had dropped that man, he would have come out Prime Minister."

Even after we left, his eye was upon us. As we stepped from our plane at the airport in Istanbul, still thrilled by having flown in low over the Blue Mosque, we saw a line of limousines waiting. A gentleman stepped forward and said in French that his name was Gokay, that he was the mayor, and that the Prime Minister had telephoned him to take care of us. And take care of us he did.

First we drove the full length of the city, with our distinguished guide telling us the points of interest. Then we entered a fast police boat, and roared the full length of the waterfront. As we neared the Black Sea, the water grew crystal clear, deep blue in color, and the current became very swift. In retrospect, I now sense that we must have passed close to the island where Menderes was later imprisoned. At four o'clock, we were airborne again, and our adventure was ended.

Back once more in Washington, I plunged into my new responsibilities, with no other thought than that the Turkish chapter of my life was finished, but I was wrong. This country that I had come to admire so much was to explode once more into my life.

On January 17, 1956, the following press release was issued at the White House:

The Government of the Republic of Turkey and the United States of America are happy to announce that upon their joint request Mr. Clarence B. Randall has agreed to proceed to Turkey late this month to discuss economic problems of interest to both countries.

The background was as follows:

Turkey was in a financial crisis. Fiscal reforms which urgently needed to be undertaken, and which were fundamental if American economic assistance was to be effective, ran counter to the political posture which the Prime Minister and his party had assumed before the people. The disparity between Turkish prices and world markets was so severe that external trade was approaching stagnation, yet Men-deres had declared that he would never devalue the lira. The state enterprises were causing too great a drain upon the public treasury, yet the Prime Minister was proud of them, and had promised his public that Turkey would soon become a great industrial nation.

This was not obstinacy on his part. It was lack of experience with economic problems, a fault that is all but pandemic among the chiefs of emergent nations around the world. He was unquestionably dedicated to the welfare of his nation, but his decisions were taken within a political frame of reference, without instinctive understanding of the economic basis upon which all policy must rest in every country.

My assignment was to say tough things, and make them stick.

I chose as my team Dr. C. Edward Galbreath, a government economist in whom I had great confidence, and my old friend, Forest Siefkin, general counsel of International Harvester Company in Chicago, whose knowledge of world affairs, warm personality, and wisdom I had fully tested.

The contribution which I personally had to make stemmed from the fact that Menderes and I had each taken the measure of the other in our earlier encounter. The mere fact that I was to come out again brought him up short. American aid had to go on if Turkey was to survive. That was basic, and shrewdly sensing what I was being sent over to say, he promptly resolved to meet my position in advance. This was stature. Here was a leader who understood instantly what had to be done, and who wanted to make it clear that he was acting voluntarily, rather than under compulsion from the United States.

To that end, he moved swiftly and surely while we were en route.

The first step was a speech by the Minister of Finance in which he urged the adoption of the precise reforms which I had been instructed to recommend. I have never known definitely whether that critical address had been cleared in advance or not. One story

that came to me off the record was that a brilliant young assistant prepared the draft, laid it on the desk of his chief, and remarked laconically: "Either this will make you the greatest Minister of Finance in Turkey's history, or you will have your throat cut."

At any rate, he made the speech, and wide favorable reaction followed, both at home and abroad. That very night while we were changing planes in Paris, both the President and the Prime Minister announced that this was their policy. Menderes went further, and item by item endorsed the specific reforms which we had come to seek. Categorically he undertook to achieve a balanced budget, and to maintain strict governmental discipline for the control of inflation.

The battle was thus won before it began. All that was thereafter required was for my associates to press home the details of the program, and this they did with high competence.

Forthwith, the United States released another \$25,000,000 of aid.

But the color of the human drama remained.

Once more, I was taken straight to the Prime Minister upon my arrival, this time for a personal call of courtesy. Because I was the guest of both governments, I went there before seeing our ambassador. We were alone together for about thirty minutes, save

for the official interpreter, and never for a moment have I doubted the sincerity which shone from the depths of his dark and brilliant eyes.

That afternoon, came our formal meeting. Taking my associates with me, I appeared before the Prime Minister, his Foreign Minister, and all of the economic ministers, in the same cabinet room where I had been before. With a captivating smile, Menderes said, "Please take your regular chair."

After the amenities, the Prime Minister began to speak, reading from a manuscript. This was unusual, and told me plainly that he was consciously making a public relations statement. He talked for an hour and a half without interruption. Often he would pause to correct the interpreter, and a word would be changed in the translation. The speech must have been hurriedly put together, for sheets were added from time to time by a clerk who came in silently, and laid them before Menderes. From our point of view, however, it was highly satisfactory, for once more, item by item, the Prime Minister repeated the assurances as to fiscal stability which I had come to seek.

Finally, when he stopped, I replied. I did this off-hand, intentionally. I wanted to make it clear that I was not merely reading a document which had been prepared for me in advance by the American ambassador.

That was all there was to it. An exchange of dinners

followed, including a fabulous evening at Ataturk's farm, where the guests were selected members of the Parliament, but our mission was accomplished. Always on such occasions, I sat at the right of the Prime Minister, and always we talked seriously, and intimately. I felt that we had come as close to a full understanding of each other as two men born into divergent cultures can hope to achieve.

There was one final crisis. To conform to protocol, I had to appear once more before the cabinet and make formal reply to the statement of the Prime Minister. The press was waiting for the text, and I knew that the slightest slip of my tongue might on the one hand alienate Turkey, or on the other, embarrass the United States. I was still determined to do it offhand, but this time I protected myself by taking with me a competent young American lady who was a stenographer, having asked permission in advance. Our ambassador had feared that the government of Turkey would seize this opportunity to ask for a large new loan, but he was wrong. Menderes was not that sort of person.

The leader of the opposition party at the time was Kasim Gulek, an articulate political figure who had once studied at Columbia University. I had met him in Turkey in 1953, and had had him as my guest at luncheon in Washington in 1955.

He kept telephoning the embassy to ask if he might see me. As a matter of courtesy, I spoke to the

Prime Minister about it at one of the social gatherings, and saw his lips close sternly in anger. He ejaculated, "I wish you would not see him. He says dreadful things about me." I countered, "But Adlai Stevenson was here recently, and you saw him. We are old friends. I do not like the things he says about President Eisenhower, but that has had no effect whatever on our personal relationships." So I saw him, and nothing untoward happened.

At last we left — in a snowstorm.

Now, with the passing of the years, as I write these lines, the memory of that unique friendship comes surging back to me, and my mind rebels not only at the thought that Adnan Menderes has died, but that he died at the hands of his countrymen.

Yet executed he was, for crimes which Turks believe he committed against Turkey, and I must accept their judgment.

In the light of that grim denouement, I have tried to formulate what I conceive to have been his personal philosophy, and I think it was this:

"I am the ablest man in Turkey. I can do more for my country than any man now living. Whoever, therefore, opposes my will is a traitor to his country, and must be ruthlessly removed."

For this sin he died.

XI

In Defense of Bird Watching

DR. JOSEPH S. DAVIS of Stanford, a distinguished scholar in the field of population studies, in discussing recently the problems of the seniors of my generation, referred to the "youthening of the elderly."

We like that.

Nothing pleases us more than to be told that we are far more lively in every way than those who went ahead of us. Inwardly we promise ourselves that still more surprises are in store for our younger friends, for we are going to be even better than they think. Secretly, too, we resolve that we will stand for no nonsense from our children and grandchildren about what we should or should not do.

Certain it is that the lucky ones among us are still dashing about with wild abandon, doing precisely what we want to, at a time of life when all that our grandfathers did was to sit on the back porch and rock, shawls on shoulders.

But in so doing we are the most rugged of individualists. We differ violently among ourselves as to which activities are the best. What is exciting to one looks stupid to the next, though with the tolerance which descends upon us as the years pass, we are careful what we say.

On one thing, however, we are all agreed. We crave the out-of-doors. We may not go as far as Dr. Paul Dudley White of Boston, who, when he visits the White House, walks there from the Washington airport bag in hand, a distance of five miles, but we still want to feel the sun on our backs, and the wind in our faces, from time to time.

Medical opinion backs us up in this. Regular exercise is highly recommended for the oldsters, particularly when it is coupled with recreation which is pursued with enthusiasm, and not just taken in measured doses like medicine. I have always liked a bit of advice which Dr. Wright Adams, the distinguished heart specialist, once gave to us cardiacs. He said that we should do the right things in order that we may add years to our life, and then occasionally do other things in order that we may add life to our years.

Golf is probably the commonest form of release valve which my contemporaries employ. It has the virtue that it can be carried forward almost indefinitely with a reasonable similitude to the habits of earlier days. Both pace and performance may be per-

ceptibly cut back, but it is a comfortable sport, one that lends itself fairly readily to self-deception. There simply is a little less talk about the scores, and more about the warmth of the sunshine. And, of course, there are still absolutely top performers among us too, such as those who go to St. Andrews to represent the United States in senior competition.

Swimming is favored by some, but only by the hardy. There is no denying the fact that the water is much colder after sixty-five, and here is one activity from which my retirement is complete and final. Never again shall I plunge off a dock into Lake Superior before breakfast.

The late King of Sweden even has a modest following among us oldsters, for there are quite a few who go on playing tennis, and some who play well. Here, however, the difficulty is that your grandson is apt to beat you, thus destroying forever the grandfather image.

For the horsemen the years seem to pass lightly. They may not ride as hard or as long as they once did, but experience counts, and they seem to ride just as well. In Arizona I once rode all day, high into the mountains, with a dude who was a tireless veteran of great skill. He was eighty, but he outlasted us all.

This brings us to the devotees of the rod and the gun.

Here, again, age seems to make little difference.

The fishermen, for example, not only go on doing what they did, but do it more often, and with greater zest because of their increased leisure. Take my friend, Dr. Van Riper of Champion, Michigan. After he was eighty, he was named Doctor of the Year for Michigan. He should have been named Fisherman of the Year at the same time, for he was still wading the icy streams, up to his waist, the moment the season opened in the spring. And as for the captains of the tourist deep-sea fishing boats off Florida, they would be plunged overnight into a recession of panic proportions if their customers who have retired were suddenly to be taken from them.

And look at the hunters. The really avid ones go all out the moment they close their desks. Many a man in the mid-seventies still goes on safari in Kenya or in Tanganyika, or sits out all night in a machan in Uttar Pradesh, crouched above a bullock on the off-chance that a hungry tiger might come by.

Here, by the way, is a book that very much needs to be written.

Why does a man go out to Africa to kill an elephant, or to India to shoot a tiger? This extraordinary phenomenon cries out for a convincing philosophical explanation. Not that I criticize it myself. By no means. But many Americans do, and I would like to see the why thoughtfully set forth.

Is it just for the trophy? Doubtful, for these men are

invariably leaders in their chosen fields, and few among them are exhibitionists in their normal lives. Is it the desire to see strange places? If so, it would hardly be necessary to carry a rifle. Is it the test of endurance, the desire to prove that they can still take it? Surely this could be achieved nearer home. Is it the meat? Bongo and impala may be delectable morsels, but they are not readily transportable to St. Louis. Is it the danger? They accept the obvious risks with hardihood, but would hardly spend that much money just to seek them out. Is it the test of skill? Perhaps, for the placing of the bullet at precisely the right anatomical spot requires masterly coordination of eye and muscle, which can be developed only by disciplined training and experience. Or is it just a revival in the subconscious of some mysterious urge transmitted to us out of our past?

Having no answers, I pass on to the subject of birds.

If only the hunters would stop laughing long enough to listen, they would find that those of us who pursue ornithology as amateurs have a recreation that can be every bit as tough as theirs, every bit as rewarding in the satisfactions, both intellectual and physical, which it brings to the individual. As in shooting, a high degree of competence is required, one that can be developed in no other way than by years of study, and broad experience in the field. As to the exercise, we yield not an inch. You can walk just

as many miles with binoculars in your hand, as you can with a gun. And as for endurance, you can sit motionless, in a cramped position, with a north wind howling, waiting for a goose to return to her nest in the middle of a swamp, or an eagle to her eyrie in the tallest pine, for just as many hours as the duck hunter can sit in his blind. And it takes just as much work, combined with luck, to find a secretary bird in the Royal Game Park outside Nairobi, as it does to find a pride of lions. I know, for I found both.

We go to the same kinds of places, too. Whatever Mother Nature, by her sublime manifestations, does for the soul of the hunter, she does for us bird watchers too.

Take North Dakota, for example, with its fantastic, random pattern of lakes, sloughs, farmyard ponds, and rivers. Drive around the southern counties and you will almost never be out of sight of water.

The duck hunter goes there in November, just before the ice begins to form, and every hour of the day brings him fresh adventure. I know, for I have done it often in earlier years. Even though he is angry at just having missed a passing shot, he nevertheless stands up in his blind to marvel at the sight of the ducks rafting up in the center of the lake, far out of range. Sitting there by his decoys just before daylight, he thrills at the soft mystery of the whirl of wings overhead as the ducks leave the marshes to fly out to the

fields to feed. At night, in the attic of the farmhouse where he sleeps, he is awakened by the haunting calls of the geese, and next morning, stands spellbound as a thousand blues and snows pass high overhead. The disconcerting thing to us bird people, however, is that there are still duck hunters, particularly among those from the cities, who can bring two out of the sky with a fast double, who nevertheless do not know what they have shot when they get them in the boat. We somehow are naïve enough to think that it is more satisfying to know, and to admire, than to kill.

We of the binoculars and telescopes go to North Dakota too, but we do it in the early spring, say about the third week in April. The ice is just moving out of the lakes, and the air is fresh, the sky is blue, and the sun bright. At that time the reverse, or northern flight of the waterfowl is on. Long stringy skeins of geese are in the air, restlessly arguing about whether the time has come to make the next move to the north, and you learn to tell the Canadas from the blues and the snows by the rhythm of the wing beats. Every spot of water, even the ditch at the side of the road, has a pair of ducks on it, paddling solemnly about — pintails, baldpates, canvasbacks, redheads, scaup, ring-neckeds, and so on down the list, including, with luck, an occasional wood duck. This is the season when the males display brilliant plumage, producing a riot of color which the duck hunter never sees be-

cause it has all but disappeared by autumn. Little wonder that the shotgun folk have trouble telling the ducks apart in the fall, for the distinguishing marks which are so striking in April have by then faded out.

But the geese and the ducks are only the beginning of the spring pageant. The grebes are there too, brilliant beyond words in their new colors, and ready to dive on sight. That there would be four different species would not be known to the hunter in the fall. Because they are not edible, he would dismiss the lot as "hell-divers." But if he would come back in April, he would come to know the pied-bill, with its funny little tail sticking straight up; the eared grebe, with puffs of orange just above its eyes; the horned grebe, with preposterous double lobes sticking straight up from a green head and the Holboell's, with its neck as red as though its throat had just been cut.

The shore birds would join the parade too, a group so dull and nondescript in the fall as to be entirely beneath the notice of the shotgun brigade, but so sprightly and colorful in the spring that no one could fail to notice them.

The killdeer, crying for attention, would first defy you to find its nest among the pebbles, and then lead you away by feigning a broken wing if you come too close. The busy sanderlings would be scampering along the edge of the water on every beach. The avocet, with its bill twisted into a long reverse curve, its

black and white body, and its tobacco-colored throat, would be strutting just off shore in shallow water. In a nearby field, just over the line of the wire fence, a marbled godwit would be surveying the scene in a posture of complete ornithological dignity. And further out in the field there might, with luck, be a flock of golden plover.

And every day, almost every hour in fact, would be punctuated with surprise, for¹ in bird watching it is the unexpected that creates the excitement. To come slowly around a curve in the road and suddenly sight a rare species, a bird that has no business being there at all, is real adventure. In Dakota it might be three white pelicans flapping solemnly along in somber flight, fifty whistling swans floating serenely on the glassy surface of a lake at high noon, or a burrowing owl sitting smugly on a fence post. And to make up your mind swiftly as to what the bird is when you have never seen it before, doing so on your own, is tough intellectual challenge.

Highlighting the contrast between April and November brings out the further point that for bird-watchers there are no closed seasons. Every day is an open day for our sport. Our friends with the over and under shotguns have to take their change of pace all at once in just a few weeks, or even days, whereas we of the field glasses can go forth whenever the urge comes upon us. We can also pick our weather. On the

last day of the season, the duck hunter must rise at dawn and set out no matter how stormy the blizzard, and the deer stalker must carry on no matter how deep the snow, or they will miss what they have come for, but we just yawn, roll over, and wait for another day.

And no territory is ever barred to us. Each mile, wherever we go, is new territory. The moment we stop our car, we are in business. We neither have to pay a fee for a license, or ask permission just to look.

Furthermore, we see a lot more game than the hunter does birds.

Take Southern Arizona, for example. There is one of the most fabulous areas in the world for wildlife of all sorts, but by and large only the bird people know it. Yet while ranging over the desert and the mountains, I have spotted game that would make my hunting friends get bad cases of trigger itch — the shy, dainty deer of the area, coyotes, scurrying herds of javelina, and even the rare *coati mundi*.

Strangest of all, the semi-desert is an excellent place in which to study ducks. Water holes are scarce. In fact, most of them have been created artificially as tanks for grazing cattle. As a consequence, when the flights are on, the ducks are concentrated in just a few places, which are usually quite accessible. Nowhere else have I seen such flashing brilliance in the cinna-

mon teal, or the green-winged teal. The bobbing bufflehead is there too, and such odd ones as the double-crested cormorant, Forster's tern, and Anthony's green heron.

As to the land birds, they abound beyond the dreams of ornithological avarice in this strip of country that lies along the boundary of Mexico around Nogales, where desert and mountains are thrown together so dramatically by nature.

Some are familiar species, but by far the larger number are strange and unusual. Many are found nowhere else. And always there are exotic stragglers from the tropics to the south.

Bright king of them all is the vermillion flycatcher, who dashes out from the topmost twig of a bush, like a tongue of flame, to consume an insect, and then returns to pose, and pose most provocatively. Only the sophisticates know his mate, for she keeps shyly in the background, and is very drab indeed. Another favorite is the pyrrhuloxia, a dove-colored lovely with a parrotlike bill, a red crest, and a streak of carmine on its breast. The clown of the area is the Mearn's woodpecker, bird of the high forests, whose comic eye-rings and solemn demeanor make him quite ridiculous as with resonant strokes he savagely attacks a dead stub. Hard to find, but equally puckish, are the flickering flocks of bridled titmice. Never still a mo-

ment, they too look roguishly solemn as they seem to peer through their avian spectacles at the leaves which they scour ravenously for insects.

As to surprises, literally anything can turn up in this region. Twice my wife has spotted great horned owls in broad daylight, sitting like giant cats on naked dead limbs just a few steps off the highway. Once, in the top of a cottonwood, which sent its roots down into a dry stream bed, but which was surrounded by miles of desert on every side, we discovered a large flock of pine grosbeaks. These we had never seen anywhere before except along Lake Superior. We found Costa's hummingbird, too, which is so rare, so inquisitive, and so sparkling in color. And suddenly to come upon an enormous flock of yellow-headed blackbirds, and see them rise as one mass from a corral where they have been feeding among the cattle, is a never-to-be-forgotten thrill.

To do these things in retirement would seem to be heaven-sent. Here is recreation that has just the right amount of physical exercise, one that brings you the best of the out-of-doors life, and one that continually challenges the mind. Yet few of my contemporaries practice it. Why? I have come to the conviction that the explanation is purely mechanical, and that it is this. The reason why more people at my age are not excited about birds is simply that they have never

really seen them. They just never have looked at a chestnut-sided warbler, or a phainopepla, through a high-powered glass.

The ordinary scoffing cliché is — “I can’t tell one bird from another; they all look alike to me.” Of course they do. People do too, when they are far away. But put the bird right in front of your eyes with a pair of seven- or eight-power binoculars, and you will not only enter a new world of great beauty, but find that birds are even more different than people. But you have to have a real glass, one bought with the same kind of money that the hunter uses for his twelve gauge, or the fisherman for his fly rod, and not just that old pair of opera glasses that has been around the house for years.

At the very first glimpse through a fine pair of binoculars, the Baltimore oriole, the bluebird, the scarlet tanager, and the evening grosbeak are so striking, so stunning in appearance, that no one who sees them sharply could fail to be stirred. Granted that these are the easy ones, but the next ones are not really hard. Not much practice is required to make out the difference between the wood thrush and the hermit thrush, for the simple reason that actually they are very different when clearly seen. And once the beginner focusses both his mind and his new binoculars on a warbler, he will find it astonishingly easy to distin-

guish the myrtle from the magnolia, or the yellow from the Canada, for the very good reason that they are not, in fact, at all alike.

Another powerful argument in favor of amateur ornithology for those who have passed sixty-five is that here is a recreation which a man and his wife can pursue together, with equal skill and equal enjoyment. It makes a perfect family project, whether carried forward from an armchair through the living room window by means of a bird feeding station of a Sunday afternoon while the paper is being read, or with backache and perspiration during a vacation. Wherever it takes the husband and wife team, whether it be to the Corkscrew Swamp in Florida to see the wood ibis, to the islands off Scotland where the gannets and the puffins nest, or to Lake Victoria in Africa to see the flamingos, they can do it together, and share an exciting common interest.

Not so, ordinarily, with the hunter. There may be many ladies left in my generation who will voluntarily leave their warm beds and go out to a duck blind in the snow before dawn, or who will eagerly lurch through the tropical forest in a pitching howdah lashed to the broad back of an elephant, on the off-chance that a tiger will jump, but I only know a few.

The wife is usually quicker than the husband at spotting birds (mine is), which is helpful, but she can also serve as the secretary, and keep the log of the

expedition. We, too, are exhibitionists at heart, we bird watchers. We are great ones for keeping lists — day lists, trip lists, area lists, year lists, and life lists. My own life list, that is, the number of different species which I have personally identified in the field, now stands at 366. This is creditable, since within continental United States the total possible would be about 650, but it is not at all extraordinary when compared with some amateurs whom I know. I am bound to say in my own behalf, however, that in recent years my life has not been without other activities that were unrelated to ornithology.

The final step in this recreation is taken when the bird watcher advances into bird photography, the taking of pictures, either still or in motion, of wild birds in their native habitat. Here is a pastime that is at once a sport and an art, one that calls for a profound knowledge of ornithology, excellent photographic equipment, technical competence in the handling of cameras, and a marked flair for what makes a beautiful picture. Seldom at the start does a man understand both birds and cameras. Whether he comes into this activity because as a photographer he senses that birds are fine subjects for pictures, or whether because as a naturalist he wants to make a record of the avifauna, he must wind up mastering both skills.

This is strenuous exercise too, sometimes requiring more physical exertion in the course of a day than

eighteen holes of golf, or walking many miles of corn rows to put up the cock pheasants. The professional type of motion-picture camera which is required, along with a case full of telephoto lenses that range up to six inches, is heavy, as is the tripod, and the extra film. It is no easy task to lift all this over a barbed wire fence, or to drag it up the side of a canyon.

To get those dazzling shots which, when thrown on the screen, captivate an audience, demands unusual talent, a sensitive awareness of the habits of birds, combined with infinite patience. Just as the man with the light tackle who wades the Miramichi knows instinctively which pools may hold the salmon, and when they may be rising, so the man with the camera must know what cover his bird will seek, and when it is most likely to be on display. He knows that he can count on the kingbird to come back to the same high perch after seizing his insect on the wing, but if it is a veery, experience has taught him that he must be lightning-fast at the first glimpse, or the bird will drop down out of sight in the brush, never to return. If he spots a bald eagle high in a pine tree, he can be reasonably sure that he will see it there again, but he knows too that many tedious hours may elapse in between.

Such are some of the pleasures, some of the satisfactions of bird watching. Though it be heaven's gift to the cartoonists, only those laugh who have never

tried it. Those who begin never give it up, this for the reason that out of all available forms of outdoor recreation none is more perfectly tailored than this for those who have entered into both the new limitations and the new freedoms of retirement.

XII

What My Coronary Taught Me

ONE VERY IMPORTANT LESSON which the man in retirement must learn early — and which his wife must also learn — is this: Neither a health problem nor a physical handicap, if honestly faced, and intelligently accepted, need curtail the great happiness which retirement can bring.

I know no man who has passed sixty-five who is not living with some ailment. Often it is one which in earlier years would have crushed him psychologically. All that he has to do is to look at the problem squarely, accept its obvious limitations without emotional exaggeration, keep still about it, and carry on with buoyant spirit.

My major difficulty has been a severe heart attack, suffered some four years ago. I now have it under control, and nothing gives me greater pride than the fact that some of my finest adventures have come into my life since that date.

Let me tell the story in the hope that it may be helpful to someone else.

It was in Portugal, one night when I was alone, that out of the blue my thrombosis came.

"Out of the blue" is perhaps the wrong phrase, for the sky was clear and satin black, and the stars were looking down with a very special brightness.

It was about ten-thirty in the evening. I was sitting on a park bench just across the street from my hotel in Lisbon. The air was soft and warm, and the friendly Portuguese people were strolling homeward in twos and threes. The music of their voices came gently to me as they passed.

I was supremely content with life. I had just left my wife in London and would be seeing her there again in a few days, after I had completed my government assignment. I had dined quietly with a friend from the embassy, and we had talked of the future — his and mine. I would sit for a few moments and then go up to my room. Physically I was as completely motionless as a man who is awake can be.

Then, without warning, it happened. I began to feel ill; not sudden sharp pain, but a vague distress like nausea. And it made me mad.

"What is this?" I said to myself. "Don't tell me that an old travel hand like yourself is going to be sick to your stomach just like an ordinary tourist?"

But I had sense enough to know that I ought not to go on sitting on that bench, so I crossed the street, entered the hotel, and hurried up to my room.

It was just in time. I tore off my clothes, and threw myself on the bed, a very sick man. There I lay, tortured in mind and body, for three full hours. Now great pain had come, just below my chest bone, but it was like nothing that I had ever experienced before, and I could not imagine what had happened.

Soberly, I tried to analyze the situation. I went back in my mind over the events of the past few days, reviewing the things that I had done and the food that I had eaten looking for clues, but no theory seemed to stand up.

At long last, I faced up to reality, and said to myself, "Do you think that there is the slightest chance that you are having a coronary thrombosis?" I tried to remember things that I might have read or heard about heart disease, but none of it had registered. I had just never cared, because I was fully convinced that heart ailments were for others, not for me.

So I tried to reason it out. Since the pain was not around my heart, but in the upper part of my abdomen, I convinced myself that I could safely rule out the coronary hypothesis. Everything else resembled a severe stomach upset, of which I had had many in earlier years. I was sure I was right when eventually active nausea set in. This brought me a measure of

relief, and I fell into troubled sleep that lasted until dawn.

Out of the depths of my ignorance, I had had the hardihood recklessly to diagnose my own illness, thus putting my whole life in jeopardy. Certain that I was right, I had never been more wrong. A telephone was at my elbow, but I did not call my friend to ask for the embassy doctor. Had I done so, I would have spent the next four months in a hospital in Lisbon.

Buoyed by this false confidence born of lack of understanding, which is always a formidable phenomenon, I rose next morning a bit shakily, but braced myself, and went on to commit a series of indiscretions which, in the light of what I now know, leave me completely appalled.

I flew to Paris for a day of conferences at the embassy; thence to London to see my wife off to Scotland; thence home alone on a long night flight over the Atlantic. Always I intended to see a doctor, but always some seemingly urgent matter intervened, and I put it off. I knew that I was not well, but I just kept going. Twice I flew round trips between Washington and Chicago; once I made a luncheon address because I wanted to keep a commitment of long standing; once, on no notice at all, I spoke to a large group in the Rose Garden at the White House on a blazing hot day.

But the time of reckoning came. When finally I

gave the doctors a chance, and a cardiogram was taken, there was no shadow of doubt but that I had suffered a severe coronary thrombosis that night in Lisbon. Immediately I was rushed to Walter Reed Hospital. The man who had been flying in many planes, carrying his own suitcases, and rushing rather madly about to keep appointments, was suddenly told to stand still and wait for the stretcher.

Nothing brings quick clarity of vision like that first ride in an ambulance, with an orderly at the alert looking down at you. Nothing so chastens the spirit as looking up into the faces of strange men in white coats in the presence of an oxygen tank. I thought that the curtain had come down on my life forever. I was overwhelmed with chagrin, and with penitence for my shocking behavior. If only I could be given a second chance!

Well, Providence was kind, and the second chance was vouchsafed to me. Thanks to the very best of medical advice, fine nursing, and the devotion and courage of my wife, I have now made an excellent recovery. By way of self-discipline, I have imposed certain limitations on my daily routines, but by and large I am able to pursue a normal, and I hope, useful life. Certainly it is a happy one. But my experience has brought home to me the fact that I myself was the culprit, and I am determined by way of penance to

state on the record, for all to see, the earlier incredible state of my ignorance and folly.

Here is the catalogue of my sins.

I had given up periodic medical examinations. Having followed that practice scrupulously during my active business years, and having insisted upon it for my associates, I grew careless in my retirement. I was determined not to let my senior years be burdened with worry, which is sound philosophy, but I confused prudent foresight with anxiety.

Though totally unaware of it, I was seriously overweight, probably as much as thirty pounds, and the conviction grows in my mind that this was the proximate cause of my thrombosis. Following my "no worry" policy, I had decided that I would not commit excesses, but that I would stop fussing with scales. My suits fitted all right, but the truth is that my tailor had been gradually letting them out for years without telling me. Had I seen my doctor, and let him weigh me, he would have told me the unpleasant truth in no uncertain terms.

I now have my weight under absolute control, and any man can establish the same discipline if he will. I weigh myself each morning of my life as regularly as I shave. It is important always to do this at the same time of day, and on the same scale. If I have gained as little as one pound, I compensate at once by self-

denial. Since my illness, I have never again gone as high as the permissible which the doctors established for me, but have stayed consistently at five pounds less. My total variation in a year, Thanksgiving and Christmas included, is within the range of three pounds.

I do this unostentatiously, without benefit of charts. I have merely learned by experience how much I may safely eat of what. I have never touched any of the highly advertised new reducing formulae. I express no word of criticism about them. I simply do not know. But for myself, I would not think of using them without medical advice and supervision. Certain it is, in my opinion, that positive weight correction can be achieved without them solely by intelligent self-discipline.

To continue my confessional, and I am ashamed to say it, I cannot recall that prior to my coronary attack I had ever even heard the word cholesterol. I did not know that this is a waxy substance which is so stable and insoluble that once it is deposited in the arteries it stays there, thus creating mechanical obstructions to the circulation of the blood, and placing a special burden upon the heart. I did not know that cholesterol is contained in all fatty acids of animal origin, including egg yolks. I did not know that the dangerous fatty acids, namely those saturated with

attached hydrogen atoms, are particularly abundant in butter, in milk fat in general, and in the fats of ordinary meats.

For years my standard breakfast had included a dish of dry cereal, swimming in the thickest cream we could buy. Now I use skimmed milk, and still enjoy breakfast. Time was when I put a large chunk of butter in the middle of a baked potato. Now I take neither the potato nor the butter, and life nevertheless has charm. I used to eat both bacon and sausage; I have now given them both up, without serious sense of loss. Since good doctors differ somewhat about egg yolks, I give myself the benefit of the doubt and stay away from them. And I always trim the fat off ham, roast beef, and lamb chops.

The ultimate abyss of my ignorance, however, the one that all but engulfed me, was this: My symptoms fairly screamed of thrombosis. They were typical, but I did not recognize them. Shallow as had been my thinking on this vital matter, I had never caught the image that severe pain in the upper abdomen alone, not touching the heart directly, could nevertheless be the telltale sign of coronary occlusion, particularly when associated with stomach disturbance, as mine was.

All about me now, I see men younger than I committing the same error. They, too, neither read, listen,

nor inquire when the subject of heart disease is referred to, and I know the reason. Each one of them, deep down inside, is sure, as I was, that he is immune, that heart disease will perhaps strike men whom he knows, but never himself.

One further common mistake also needs to be noted. Through the years, various friends of mine had suffered coronary occlusions. Invariably I went to see them, but never did I let them tell me about the seizure itself. Some misguided sense of delicacy held me back, and I talked of everything else. Now I know that each of those cardiacs was, in fact, bursting to talk to me, to speak to me in terms of prevention, but I would not let him. What wouldn't those explanations have meant to me on that lonely night in Portugal had I only let my friends describe their experiences to me in precise detail!

My sudden arrival in Walter Reed Hospital taught me one thing more. Those strange doctors in the white coats, who had never seen me before, wanted most urgently to know what my heart had been like before the thrombosis. Only by comparison could they appraise the amount of the damage. One telephone call to my alert secretary in Chicago and it was done. She knew precisely where to lay her hands on several earlier cardiograms, and she rushed them down by air mail. *Verbum Sapientibus!*

Now for the lessons of convalescence and recovery.

Here I speak on terms of equal authority with my doctors. They observed and guided, but I experienced, and this I know of a certainty: Recovery from a coronary thrombosis is far more a matter of psychology than of medicine. The patient must earnestly desire to resume normal living, and must be firmly convinced that this is possible. Then he must fight with stubborn determination all the way. His will must take him through.

The turn came with me on my second night in the hospital, and I shall never forget the debt I owe that blessed army medical colonel for the things he said as he stood at the foot of my bed and looked down at me. It was ten o'clock. He had worked late, as so many devoted doctors do.

"Want to talk?" he began. I just nodded. I was still too frightened to say much, but his tone was easy and casual. "Well," he went on, "I've been watching you for two days, and I've got you figured out. I'll answer your question before you ask it. You're going back to your work in the White House."

He said this simply, but decisively, bade me good-night, and left me to my thoughts.

In the next half-hour, as I lay there in the darkness, a new man was born. My life was not finished. The curtain had not come down on all that I still wanted

to undertake. There was hope, and I began to fight.

But only those who have gone through this experience can fully comprehend what a battle it is. Every step is fraught with fear. The commonest event of daily life has to be encountered as though it had never been faced before. That first afternoon when I saw two visitors at once; the first time that I walked alone around the block and was sure I would never make it; the first ride alone in an airplane; these were all breath-taking adventures from which I shrank. And no one will ever know the emotion which gripped me when I presided at my first conference after my return to work. Yet had I failed in a single test, all the rest would have been put in jeopardy.

It was the courage of my wife which made this possible. She believed in me. Deliberately she let me take risks, because with her deep understanding, she knew that it would be better for me to lose the fight while trying than not to try. Together we won.

One final caveat. No two cases of heart disease are alike. What is true for me may be only half true for the next patient, and surrounding the whole subject there are still deep mysteries which medical science has not yet penetrated.

But so much is known, so great has been the progress, and so widespread is the incidence of the malady, that only a man committed to folly will hereafter approach the senior years of his life with as little un-

derstanding of coronary disease as I possessed when I was overtaken by my thrombosis.

With knowledge will come the victory over fear, and the new confidence which will once more fill his life with deep satisfactions.

XIII

Silence Gives Consent

IN A PRIMITIVE SOCIETY, under the tribal form of organization, the wisdom of the elders is deeply respected. They have been to the wars in their day. As their beards whiten, it is taken for granted that their piety will inspire the people, and that their experience will restrain the fiery ardor of youth.

When such peoples emerge into modern statehood, like the Ibos of Eastern Nigeria, or the Ewes of Togo, they face the problem of how to preserve this primacy of the seniors, and still give their newly educated young men free rein to build their own pattern of democracy.

But in our own vaunted high level of civilization, all this nonsense disappears. The men with the beards themselves abandon the primacy which their experience has earned, because for the most part they neither can, nor will, participate in the rough and tumble of public debate. They let the current of public opin-

ion swirl about them without visible effort at guiding or contributing to it.

Take retired businessmen, for example. Very seldom do they speak out in public to assert their views. They have opinions all right, as you will find if you go where they cluster of an afternoon, and hear them growl about the way things are going, but their lines of communication to the public are cut. You might occasionally see a letter from one of them in the *Voice of the People*, but not an article in their favorite magazine replying to the one that made them mad.

Never do they make a speech, and never, never, do they write a book. Yet their personal experience over the long course of their active years qualifies them to an unusual degree for comment on the current scene. They are the very ones who should be heard from often.

The roots of this ineptitude are in the past. These men were always inarticulate in business. They played it safe. They took no chances that what they said might hurt their companies. They cannot begin at sixty-five if at middle life they refused the challenge of entering lustily into discussion of the great issues of the day. Earlier they not only deprived the public of the benefit of thinking by fine minds, but they denied themselves the essential training in self-expression which could be so effective in their re-

tirement when all of the old inhibitions have been removed.

And what marvelous adventures they missed, these men of strong wills and creative intellects who remained tongue-tied all through their active careers, and never learned to speak in public!

I am genuinely sorry for the man who has never dared to stand up in front of a great audience with nary a piece of paper in front of him; who has never had the thrill of knowing that for thirty minutes those alert minds are his to possess, his to battle or to guide, as the case may be. He has missed half the fear, and half the fun, of living.

An hour before, you are sick with dread. You ask yourself over and over again how you could have been so unspeakably stupid as to accept the engagement. Incredible beyond words that all those fine people could possibly have the slightest interest in anything that you might say. And if your unruly tongue should slip with a wisecrack that seems funny at the moment, but stupid the next morning, it is sure to be the only thing that the newspapers will pick up.

While you listen to the unctuous introduction by the chairman as he describes the privilege that is his (meaning that he doesn't have to make the speech), those same old butterflies which you never completely lose get busy in your stomach.

As you step up to the speaker's desk, your only

prayer is that you may somehow survive the next half hour, and make it safely back to the blessed privacy of your hotel room.

You approach the microphone in real panic. You wonder whether any words at all will come.

By a last effort you begin. Then a miracle happens. Down in front a friendly face looks up and smiles expectantly, reassuringly. You have never seen that man or woman before, but on the instant, communication is established between that particular listener and yourself. Never mind the rest of the audience. Someone cares, someone really came to hear you.

The stopper is removed. You are really bursting with your subject, and once released, the onrush of your thought is irrepressible; you ride on to high adventure, piling argument upon argument, conviction upon conviction, until at last you are saying things you have never said or even thought before. And all the time that sea of watching eyes and expectant faces rouses and excites you further.

The thirty minutes is over in a flash, and as you drop back into your chair, bursting out in sudden perspiration, you know in your heart whether you did in fact possess that audience. At the very least you know that here is a speech that can be checked off. You don't have to worry about that one any more.

But there are hazards. One in particular, to which the itinerant platform performer is almost constantly

exposed, but of which audiences are quite happily unaware, is the occasional ineptitude of those who extend the invitation to the speaker. It is the occupational disease of the banquet circuit, and no man who relies upon a prepared manuscript can possibly cope with it. Only the offhand speaker survives at all, and more often than not he comes off badly.

It goes like this.

You have been asked to make the principal address before a large gathering in a remote city which you have never visited before, and where you have no friends. For compelling reasons which were beyond your control, you have accepted. You know nothing whatever about the occasion except what you are told in the letter of invitation.

The committee which is staging the event is a loosely knit group which has high enthusiasm for the cause, and nothing else in common. More than likely they have never worked together before, and will not see one another again until the next annual date comes around.

Someone in another city has suggested your name, and they have taken it on faith. Custom requires that there be a speech, just as there has to be a dining room or a hall, but as to all three almost any suitable one will do. The important items are the guest list of local notables (and contributors) who will adorn the head table, plus the flowers and the orchestra. More atten-

tion is given to what the report of the nominating committee will be than to what the address should be about. Either the speaker will be given a subject no more specific than "What We See Ahead," or he will be told indulgently to select his own.

The letter of invitation will have been hastily composed, probably by the secretary of the secretary, following the form used the previous year. I received one once which stated that it had been the custom of the group to invite some distinguished person to address it each year. It was intended to contain this sentence, "We would like to perpetuate the custom by inviting you . . ." What it actually said was, "We would like to perpetrate the custom by inviting you . . ." and I reflected upon what an accurate description that was of some of my experiences.

Nobody takes the trouble to tell the speaker anything about the occasion itself. He is left in the dark as to how large the audience will be; whether it will be both men and ladies, or just men; whether they will be sober, high, or just plain tired; or when the last commuting train leaves by which they can get home. He will not be told how long he should speak, or even whether he is the sole speaker. Nothing is more devastating than to be the last of a long and dreary sequence of speakers.

I once rushed right from the plane to the place of the meeting in a strange city, thinking that I was to

conduct a seminar type of conference with about twenty businessmen, and suddenly found myself in a large auditorium before an audience of five hundred men and women. I was expected to speak one hour, and then take questions for another hour — both of which I did.

There are other hazards too. One must survive both the reception line before the speech, which is only half the battle, and the group which presses down to the platform afterwards to have a close-up look at the speaker, and to fling comments at him.

The presence of the latter implies nothing as to the quality of the address. Just as many come down front after dull talks as after good ones. Perhaps more.

They are a mixed group.

Among them are many well-wishers. You have said things that they agree with, and they want you to know that they had thought of them first. This serves the double purpose of letting you down, and of building them up, and there is just a suggestion that if they could have had your opportunity they could have done much better with a great idea.

But there is bound to be at least one listener who hated everything that you said, and who is determined to convince you of error, even if that should take all night. Invariably, you get a letter from this person two days later, enclosing a sheaf of clippings, and quite probably the manuscript of an article which

he has been trying to get published, for some time, without success. I have said, "he," but this species may be either male or female.

And then there is almost invariably the old friend. Maybe it is a lady who was in seventh grade with you, or a soldier who was in your platoon forty years earlier, or the doctor who sat at the table next to yours that time when you crossed on the *Mauretania*. Once, by a flash instinct, I did penetrate the disguise, and said, "You have no business coming in here without wearing a Western hat and cowboy boots," for I had never before seen the man except on horseback in Arizona. But when they look up with a cruel smile on their lips, and say, "Clarence Randall, you just stand there until you think who I am," it is stark, cold-blooded murder.

The most grueling experience for the businessman turned public speaker, however, is the question period. Here, indeed, do the men get separated from the boys. No man with a ghost-written speech would dare undertake it. He is invariably driven to cover, for the public must never be allowed to find out how little he really knows about what he has said.

Yet there are certain tricks to the trade which make the experience much easier than it might seem to be.

To begin with, the man who really knows his subject is seldom actually taken by surprise by a question. He has usually heard the same one dozens of times

before. He has thought the whole matter through so often and so intensively, in contrast to the listener who is responding merely to a first impression, that it is like a postgraduate student talking with a freshman. Furthermore, since from the very first word, the man on the platform knows where the question is going to wind up, he has plenty of time to get himself set for the answer while the question is wandering along aimlessly. In fact, more often than not, the person out there in front is really trying to make a speech himself, and is not actually asking a question at all. He has wanted an audience before whom he can air his views for a long time, and this one is heaven-sent.

There are two kinds of question periods; one oral, where the member of the audience stands up and addresses the chair, and one where the inquiries are written out on pieces of paper and passed up to the chairman.

In periods of either type, the speaker must be sensitive to questions which have been planted by those who sponsored the meeting, and treat them with special deference. They are easy to spot, for they are sure to be too sophisticated and too well-expressed, to be genuinely spontaneous. I have always bridled somewhat at this technique, deeming it a vote of little confidence. If a man cannot speak well enough to generate honest questions in the minds of his audience, he ought not to be invited to speak at all.

In college groups, or in large public gatherings, the first question is often asked by a crank. When that occurs, it will be barked out in a loud, contentious voice by a person who came early for this very purpose, and who will be seated in one of the first three rows. A look of glee and anticipated triumph will glisten from his face as he waits confidently for your downfall.

There is only one thing to do with such a malefactor, and that is to paste him. Let him have it right between the eyes. Crush him without mercy, and from then on you will have the meeting under control. This is not too difficult to do for two reasons. First, he will not know what he is talking about, and will be way off base. Secondly, the audience will be with you. They have grown very tired of him, for he is always there, showing off on every occasion. So when you score off him they laugh loud and long, and ask for more.

With written questions, there is a subtle technique which all the old hands use. When the pieces of paper come up, the chairman sorts them into neat little piles by categories, putting all those together that deal with a common subject. When he hands you such a packet, you thumb through them quickly, pick out the easiest one, and say, "Since all these questions are somewhat related, let me select this one." And somehow you never do get round to the really tough one.

Doing all this under the bright lights of television, as, for example, during an appearance before the Press Club in Washington, involves great physical strain. The curtain of light shuts off the audience so that they become formless and terrifying shapes out there in the darkness, and the heat is oppressive. But television is obviously here to stay forever, and the businessman must learn to live with it, or default the great issues to his critics.

So let the young men begin early. Let them learn to stand up and take it. Let them know precisely what they believe about our free enterprise system, and let them get out on the stump as our forefathers did, in militant defense of what they believe to be right.

Speaking in public, however, is but one form of self-expression. Writing is the counterpart, and if one is to be cultivated by the businessman so should the other.

Speaking begets writing, though the converse is not necessarily true. I have seen professional writers freeze at a microphone, but I have never known a truly articulate man who could not write if he would. All that he needs is to be shoved off the deep end.

To write in retirement is a very special privilege for the reason that you really do it solely for yourself. If others find merit in what you say, well and good, but the enduring satisfaction lies in compelling yourself to bring the thinking of a lifetime into sharp focus.

When the last chapter of a book is finished, the man who has written it has learned a great deal about himself that he did not know before, and brought therapy to his soul.

Actually, in one sense, the writing of a book is a lot simpler than it seems, because when done by a businessman there is not a single newly created idea in it. He simply puts down on paper what he has been saying to his wife and friends, and to public audiences for years. No thought will be found within the covers that did not have its origin in some argument over a luncheon table, an incident in his business experience, a reply to a question put to him in a public forum, or perhaps a stormy personal reaction to something that he had read which displeased him. The book has really been there all the time, waiting to be written.

Once the book is published, the impact of this extraordinary occurrence upon the man's circle of acquaintance is fearful and wonderful to behold. Here is a bizarre phenomenon which is so entirely without precedent in their experience that his friends are completely at a loss as to how to behave. The general dismay is quite like that on a farm when a two-headed calf is born. No one knows what to do, but all are agreed that it is not something to talk about.

So far as they decently can, his business acquaintances ignore the whole transaction. This is in character since, for the most part, they ignore all books. If

by chance it is mentioned on the 8:04, they turn back immediately to the *Wall Street Journal* with a shrug that says eloquently, "Who does he think he is, anyway?"

His close social friends almost have to read the thing. They are shamed into it by their wives. But having read it, they are slow to mention it to the author. They disagree with much that he has written, yet hesitate to say so.

This kindly ostracism on the part of one's own circle is, however, only one side of the equation. It is even more intense on the part of those who make their living as writers. The executive-turned-author is at no time in danger of losing his amateur standing, for he will never be received into the fraternity of the professionals. For them to accept a businessman as an author, it is not enough that he writes books which people buy.

This attitude is reflected, too, in the pronouncements of the learned gentlemen who lecture on writing. When they speak of literature, they mean the novel, and nothing else. No other prose, however cogent or felicitous, could qualify. To suggest that a piece of writing about business or economics could be done with sufficient clarity and power to merit consideration as literature would be a profane thought indeed.

The man of senior years who writes must ignore

these trivia. He must wrap the toga of his retirement about him, and remind himself each day that he is writing solely for himself. If he were to yield to sensitivity, he would never, for example, survive the reviews of his book.

The first one completely stuns him. True, the reviewer may have made some friendly comments, but he has added some harsh ones that are hard to take. The distressed author feels strongly that an injustice has been done to him, and that he is entitled to a rehearing. He would at least like to take the fellow out to lunch and talk it over with him.

The most devastating one of all is that in which the reviewer, looking down from the cultural stratosphere in which he is privileged to have his being, says with deadly simplicity that unfortunately the book contains nothing new. Here the seasoned elder takes another hitch on the toga of his retirement, and forgets the whole matter. He comes to understand reviewers, particularly when he becomes one himself. He knows that if a member of this arrogant cult had been asked to review the Sermon on the Mount, he would have pontificated that it was obviously an oversimplification of moral values which, unfortunately, offered no sure guide for human conduct.

Happily, it is the public itself that writes the final review of the book, and none other matters. It is from

those who read it that the ultimate reward to the author comes, and when it is generously given there is no other in the world that can compare with it for deep inward satisfaction. Certainly none that I have ever experienced either in business or in anything else. By this I do not mean, of course, money, or the number of copies sold. That has nothing to do with it.

By reward, I mean unsolicited commendation, expressed privately to the author by thoughtful persons who have never seen him, and who have no idea whatever of who or what he is. They merely find in what he has written something that stimulates their own thought, and are considerate enough to tell him so. What greater compensation can a man seek in life than that?

The most precious things in the world to me are the letters which I have received from strangers about my books or magazine articles. Sometimes they are amusing, such as the one from a very distinguished friend of mine who pointed out that it was a neat trick indeed if I could see from the window of a French train the scene which I had described. He was so right. Sometimes they are vituperative, with no vulgarity spared, such as the one which charged me with being engaged in subversion. Sometimes they are heart-warming beyond words. Always they are welcome, for they tell me that my mind and that of another person have been linked for a short time by a common inter-

change of thought. On such foundations new friendships are built, and from such interchanges of thought public opinion is developed in our country.

So I shall go on with writing — just for its own sake.

XIV

On the Subject of Ancestors

RETIREMENT might well be described as that urbane period of life when, for the first time, our ancestors move into our field of vision.

This inevitable experience has now come vividly to me.

I sense the presence of figures back there in the penumbra behind me who may be smiling in amusement as they watch the working out in my life of the heritage which they passed on to me.

I feel a compelling urge to try to coax these shadows out into the sunlight of the present. I want to see them as people of real flesh and blood. I wish that I had done something about them sooner.

What wouldn't I give, for example, if, while there was still time, I had had the sense to preserve some of the simple possessions of these fine people which might help to make them live again in memory, in order that my children and grandchildren might know them too?

I look back, for example, to that modest yet rather stately farmhouse where my mother was born, and in which she married my father. The front hall offered a gracious entrance to this home, one, however, which was used only on ceremonial occasions, such as Christmas. At all other times you just went in through the kitchen door at the back.

There in the hall, on the wall by the foot of the stairs, hung two portraits side by side, one of grandfather and one of grandmother. They were oval in shape, and the frames were of dark wood.

Grandfather looked very severe, and from what I have heard about him I am led to think that the portrait was true to life. He was wearing a high-standing collar, with a flowing tie and silk waistcoat, garments which I suspect were put carefully away for most of each year. He died when I was very young, so that I remember him but dimly. A very old man he was, too — almost as old as I am now, I should guess.

But grandmother's face was soft and radiant. Her portrait accurately reflected that wealth of outgoing affection which endeared her to all of our clan, even to the fourth generation. She had trouble with her spelling, but who cared? She was a saint, and we loved her. Moreover, she made the world's finest buckwheat pancakes. My daughter bears her name, but never saw her. How could I have been so stupid

as not to try to preserve forever the superb quality of that wonderful lady?

And how could I have failed to keep that ponderous family Bible in which she meticulously inscribed the names of her children and grandchildren?

On my father's side there was little to preserve. Grandfather had nothing, and hence could leave nothing. But my Aunt Anna, who had even less, if that were possible, nevertheless did have one priceless possession which, in my utter folly, I made no effort to preserve. How I would love to have it in my living room right now! It was an ancient melodeon, the only general purpose musical instrument that was available in the country in those days. The case was of dark native cherry, and the few taut strings had a delightful tinkle when the clumsy hammers struck them. Actually this did not often happen, for my aunt had little talent for music, but she prized it for what it was, an ancient masterpiece. And I let it escape me!

The memory of my Grandmother Belden was almost my sole link with the past as I grew up. At twenty-five I knew little about my more remote ancestors, and cared even less. I lived one day at a time, with my eye solely on the future, and gave no thought to the past. Which is precisely what my ancestors themselves did in their day, I suspect.

But in nearly every family there are persons who do care about the past, and who do preserve the record.

At forty I had faint embryonic twinges of interest, and enough sense to preserve the papers sent to me by my father, but I still thought of this as basically something which my sister should look after. That was what sisters were for.

My comfort is that nearly everyone I know has behaved the same way. Each generation passes through exactly the same cycle, and my children will be no different.

In fact, I think that an acquaintance of mine, who is just my age, did a very wise thing recently. He spent weeks working up his genealogy. Then he mailed a sealed copy to each child, on the outside of which appeared this statement, "All that I ask is that you promise not to throw this away until you are sixty."

That retirement should bring forth this deferred impulse is not surprising since it drives home to each of us the realization that we ourselves will soon be ancestors, and breeds the secret hope that we too will be remembered.

Unhappily, for some, the urge dies quickly. Upon opening the book of the past, they do not like what they see, and close it abruptly, deeming it a kindness to let the next generation start from scratch.

Not so with me, however. I am mighty proud of my ancestors on both sides. They never got rich, and some of them couldn't spell very well, but they were God-

fearing people. They did the best they could with what they had.

Take the Randalls, for example.

Back of this Clarence there were first, Oscar, and then Chester, and then Peleg, and another Peleg, and so on in sequence, back to that John Randall who left the other side and landed in Rhode Island somewhere around 1660.

He came from Bath, England, where his father was the Lord Mayor in the roaring days when that famous spa was the fashion center of Europe. His boyhood was spent in the Cotswolds, and love of the hills has been in our blood ever since.

Why was it, I wonder, that young John ran away? Why, for that matter, did any of our ancestors come to America?

In the seventeenth century New England must have been a pretty dour place, and no man in his senses would have left the Cotswolds, and Bath, for this most underdeveloped of all underdeveloped countries without some very compelling reason.

For many, the plain truth is that their ancestors were chased out. In fact, a lot of our best families can thank the threat of the hangman's noose for putting them in the Social Register. Others just took a chance, and they founded families here that have been taking chances ever since.

On this phase of the matter a friend of mine has it

on me. He doesn't have to ask these questions, because he has genuine Indian blood in his veins. I know, because I have walked behind him on snowshoes, and seen him put one foot exactly ahead of the other in a perfectly straight track. His ancestors were always here, and that's that.

This John Randall ancestor of mine must have had a fairly soft life. The Lord Mayor of Bath should have been able to do right well by his son, what with his gold chain and ermine and all, to say nothing of free tickets for the baths. Even in our own country, we have had mayors who didn't do too badly, and in those days there must have been a good deal of security about the job. There was no nonsense about having to run for office every four years, and there were very few Congressional Committees messing around.

I used to think that there must have been a first-class Randall family row of some sort, or John would not have pulled out, and the most likely hypothesis that I was able to hit upon was that he had married beneath his station.

His wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Morton. More than likely, I thought, she was a pretty little blonde — probably the daughter of the fellow who kept the Golden Boar down the street — and the old man was so stiff-necked about it that John told him off and left, saying to himself that he would jolly well show his father up by taking the next westbound

barkentine for Rhode Island, and founding the Randall family of the United States.

But I had to abandon that theory when finally I had sense enough to look at the papers my father had so carefully written out for me. Before he died he took his enormous old-fashioned Parker fountain pen in hand, and put everything he knew about the Randall genealogy down in black and white.

There it says that upon his marriage to the highly respectable Miss Morton, John embraced trade and moved to London, where he became a silk merchant. That, I take it, would be like having a franchise as a Cadillac dealer today. But under the reign of Charles II, crisis succeeded crisis, until John had about all the crises he could take. So somewhere around 1660 he and his wife decided to put the Atlantic Ocean between themselves and a combination of the plague and a threatened Dutch invasion, and New England gave them sanctuary.

John is one that I particularly wish I might have talked to. I am sure that his maiden aunt would have passed on to him a lot of family lore, such as, for example, her idea of just what the name Randall means. There are those who say that it was a local word of Saxon origin. They interpret it as "fair valley," from "ran," fair, and "dal," dale or valley, or as "edge of the valley." That could be true, for when my forbears ar-

rived in New York State they passed up the lush land down in the valley where the creek watered it, and went up on the hills at the edge, where the view was gorgeous and the soil thin.

In Domesday Book the name appears as *Randulfus*, but I am glad that got corrupted, for it would be a nuisance now to try and spell that out every time an airline stewardess comes down the aisle with her pencil and trip sheet in her hand.

Father had a much fancier theory, and I think I will adopt it. He was convinced that originally the name was *Ranaulf*, and that the first of our tribe were Vikings, who came down by sea from the North and harried the shores of France, carrying off the cattle and the fairest of the maidens, until they signed on with William the Conqueror to invade England. Whether this was because they liked English beef better, or because they thought the British girls were better looking, father didn't say, but he would want me to make it clear that those early thieving tendencies towards cattle and maidens disappeared completely from our line before he and I came along. Certain it is that I never liked cows.

Of those between John and me, the one I most resemble must have been the second Peleg. He loved the woods. I don't suppose there were bird watchers in his day, but I would be willing to bet that he knew

where the ruffed grouse nested, and liked to watch the pileated woodpecker drill his square hole in the top of a dead pine.

We probably would all still be living at either Voluntown or North Stonington, Connecticut, if he had had any inheritance. His father, who had been a lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army, became a Baptist minister after the war, and preached in those two towns.

Young Peleg had to shift for himself, and was soon attracted to the great promotion scheme of the time, which was called the Boston Purchase. He and his pals went up and down among the farmers of Western Massachusetts and Connecticut, picturing the glories of the fabulous lands that lay still westward, those in the southern part of New York State, and so persuasive were they that soon the ox teams were stumbling their weary way out to what are now Tioga and Broome Counties that lie between Ithaca and Binghamton.

Something like 230,000 acres were involved, between Owego Creek and the Chenango River. Massachusetts, having good lawyers, as always, claimed the land under a grant from King James the First; New York State resisted, but had poor lawyers and lost out. Congress appointed ten commissioners to arbitrate the dispute, and in 1787 they awarded the land to Massachusetts, provided they could talk the Indians

out of any claims they might have. Promptly thereafter the legislature of Massachusetts sold the land to one Samuel Brown of Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, "for 3,333 Spanish milled dollars, payable in two years, and subject to a deduction of the sum necessarily paid by the grantees to the natives in extinguishment of their claim." Just how well the Iroquois made out on that deduction is not clear, but I would be surprised if they got their hands on more than a dozen of those "Spanish milled dollars."

This promotional scheme was a natural aftermath of the Revolutionary War. The army of General James Sullivan, which had passed that way in the summer of 1779, had been composed of men from Connecticut and Massachusetts. The officers of that expedition had been astonished at the advance the Indians had made in agriculture. A letter of General Clinton said that the corn was "the finest he had ever seen." I doubt if it was hybrid, and it couldn't have been as high as an elephant's eye, but it was very good, seemingly. Another officer stated that there were ears of corn that measured twenty-two inches in length.

We all know how soldiers are. Some of those officers must have been buddies of the first Peleg, and when they got back to Connecticut and took off their uniforms the tall tales they told made a great impression on my ancestor. I have no doubt that many of them were in on the land deal themselves, and nothing

would have been more natural than for this great-grandfather of mine to have decided promptly that this way lay fortune.

So the syndicate signed young Peleg on as a surveyor, and he went out to Tioga County to tramp the forests, and the hills and streams, to lay out the land into parcels suitable for sale. This must have been around 1795. I have his compass, and the needle still points north. When I hold it in my hand, I feel very close to him.

Not being willing to believe that he was stupid, I can only conclude that he was scrupulously honest, for the land he picked out for himself was bad. He called his area New Connecticut, but that name didn't stick. It soon became Wilson's Creek, and there were born my grandfather, Chester, and my father, Oscar. Nearby was Brown's Settlement, which in the fullness of time became Newark Valley, the lovely village I chose for my birthplace.

And that is my story on the Randall side.

Now for my mother's people. She was a Belden.

Her ancestors came from England, too, but they beat the Randalls over by a few years for they arrived at Wethersfield, Connecticut in 1641. The two families managed, however, to keep their generations pretty much in parallel as the moving finger wrote, for I am the eighth on each side since they took passage to America.

Mother's family were good keepers, and I have had a field day letting my imagination wander as I have reread the terse, but ostensibly complete, structure of our genealogy.

It goes back, as the French would say, "*Depuis, depuis, depuis.*" Much of it may be apocryphal, but who am I at this late day to question the veracity of my ancestors, or the authenticity of these records that have been clothed with the sanctity of family tradition for so long? Certainly I wouldn't care to have any of my own tall tales questioned by some snooping upstart eight generations from now.

The first entry in the chart is the simple one of "Osmond; died about 1066." Grievously wounded, no doubt, by one of my Randall ancestors, the Ranaulfs, as they stepped ashore with one of William the Conqueror's commando units. I only hope they didn't catch him in the back as he was struggling to reload his crossbow.

His son, Camel, became a King's thane, showing that the family rose rapidly. I am sorry thanes have gone out. I would love to have been born a thane. Imagine if I were now Thane of Winnetka, Illinois!

But the fourth entry is the one that intrigues me most. It reads laconically: "Essulf Fitz Ulf, son of Ulf; born about 1080, died about 1159; married Maude."

What volumes that simple chronicle speaks for Maude! All the brave deeds wrought by the doughty

Ulf throughout his seventy-nine years paled into insignificance when measured against the incredible fact that he had wooed and won the incomparable Maude. To his dying day he could scarcely believe it himself.

But the Saxon mouthful of a name became a severe pain to his heirs. His grandson, Hugh, wearied of having his friends holler "Ulf! Ulf!" at him while in their cups, and being a man of ready imagination, simply ditched it and called himself De Baildon. And lucky indeed it is for me that he did so, else I should now be Clarence Ulf Randall.

Actually all he did was to take on a place name, for the broad acres which the thrifty Ulfs had been accumulating by whatever means thanes used in those days, were located in an area called Baildon. People probably just got tired of speaking that tongue-twister, Hugh Ulf, and began to talk about him colloquially as good old Hugh from down Baildon way. He simply made it official.

Baildon was in Yorkshire, and here over the years and through the generations that followed, the family seat was developed until the stately manor house known as Baildon Hall was built around 1600. It is described as lying "in the Parish of Otley, near Kippax, in Wapentake of Skyrack, about six miles from Leeds, in the County of York, in the West Riding of England."

What an address! I really am glad my ancestors left, for that would surely be a tough one to give to a long distance operator, or to a taxi driver on a dark night. Being indifferent spellers, they wrote it sometimes Baildon, sometimes Bayldon. I have always like the latter best.

In 1936 I went back to Yorkshire and found Bayldon. Emily and I devoted six weeks of that summer to the grand tour with our daughters Mary and Miranda. For a trip of that sort daughters have to be corralled somewhere between grammar school and the altar, and if they are three years apart, and if it is touch and go whether dad can finance it at all, the whole thing takes a bit of doing. To manage it once in a lifetime is an achievement, but it pays off handsomely in happy memories. And none was more exciting for me than this expedition up into Yorkshire to visit my own ancestral seat.

It was all very well to have done Fountains' Abbey, and Kenilworth, and Scott's home, and the shrines of the poets in the lake country, but this brick and mortar was my brick and mortar, and these ghosts were my ghosts. Here the patrimony of the Ulfs had been spent by the Bayldons to create an enduring symbol of our family solidarity.

And right well had they spent it. The building was not only overly large, but it had taste and dignity, and as we wandered about through its rooms, I felt sud-

denly close to the Ulfs and the Bayldons. The names in the old chart seemed to come alive.

Walking about in it was unexpectedly easy, for suburbia had engulfed the old Hall. The broad acres of the Ulfs had been subdivided, and a motley assortment of modern buildings crowded in from every side. The last tenant had moved out and sold the place to the Masonic Lodge who were reconstructing it into a clubhouse, so that everything was open. I was tempted to buy some of the old oak paneling and bring it over to install in the library of the new house I was planning for Winnetka, but I gave it up. I decided that we had just as good wormholes in the United States as they did in England. Later my architect told me how right this was. He said that oak should stay where it belonged, just as people should.

I experienced a dramatic flashback to this ancestral Bayldon of mine during the war. It was at the time of the blitz. Göring's bombs were bringing death and destruction to many parts of England, and American emotions were profoundly stirred. A wave of sympathy swept over our country, filling us with a desire to share vicariously the sufferings of our British friends, and to lift in part their burdens.

We did it by organizing "Aid to Britain." In Chicago the hastily formed committee invited me to speak at the large dinner by which the campaign was opened, which was held in the Red Lacquer Room at

the Palmer House. I began by reciting my own kinship with England, based upon my lineage, and then added facetiously: "Had it not been for the probable sin of one of my ancestors for which, I assume, the sheriff chased him out of England, I should tonight be on the receiving end of 'Aid to Britain.' I should be living in the little village of Bayldon, just west of Leeds in Yorkshire."

At the close of the meeting, a little old man came down the aisle, and pressed in close to speak to me. His eyes were full, and he was trembling with emotion. He said, "I could hardly believe it when you began to speak. I come from Bayldon! I left there only a month ago, and night before last Bayldon was hit in the blitz, and completely destroyed."

Fortunate for me that the Ulfs and the Baildons had left too.

Between the last of the Ulfs and the transplanting of our family to this country, there ensued a line of my forbears who displayed a varied pattern of virtue and frailty. Some went to the wars, some went to jail. One was killed at the siege of Calais. One was an archer "Horsed and Harnessed." He served his King as Groom of the Chamber, but must have done it very badly for his appointment lasted only two years. Around 1400 one bold spirit, carried away by the liberal thinking of his time and desiring to be one of the plain people, dropped the prefix "de" out of the name.

The family really arrived in 1603, however, when Francis Bayldon was knighted by King James, and became Sir Francis Bayldon. It was he who had built Bayldon Hall in 1600, and I can imagine that there was considerable wassail around the place when he came home with his golden spurs.

It was his second son, Richard, who broke away and came to Wethersfield, Connecticut. He had been born in 1591, exactly one hundred years after Columbus discovered America, and exactly three hundred years before I was born. I merely mention this strange coincidence without suggesting that these two events bear comparable significance. He was fifty when he came, which took a lot of courage. Why he came, I shall never know; perhaps because by then he was sure he would never get his own golden spurs.

Connecticut held the family for a generation or two, where the name became Belding for a while. There John, of that name, though Richard Bayldon's son, fought in the Pequot War.

But westward, ever westward, seems to have been the family's urge through the generations, and they pushed on to Lenox, Massachusetts, in the beautiful Berkshire Hills. By then the name had become Belden, and Oliver served as a captain in the Revolutionary War.

His son, William, however, my great-grandfather, was likewise caught up in the frenzy of the Boston

Purchase, and goaded his oxen over the new trails until he arrived, with his lares and penates, and a sturdy plow, at Richford, also in Tioga County, New York. He stopped just a few miles north of where Peleg Randall had settled.


There in 1818, in the New England tradition, he built the stately white home and fenced the farm that have such hallowed memories for me. And there my father and mother were married, fusing these two lines in my sister Mabel, and myself.

The westward urge has temporarily come to rest now in the family, having brought me to Michigan and Illinois, but who can say when and how it will burst out again.

Eight generations from now will some new bold spirit find this planet too small, as John Randall and Richard Bayldon did England? Will he goad his space ship outward and seek new horizons on Mars? Will he likewise pause to look back over the family chart, as I have done, and perchance come upon my name?

If so, I know precisely the entry that I should like to have him find. I want to be like Essulf Fitz Ulf, son of Ulf. Let this be the sole entry opposite my name, "He married Emily."

Postlude

 ONE FINAL THOUGHT.

It is axiomatic in retirement that patterns established in the active years must yield. Change must be accepted as the new way of life, with disciplined readjustment to the unforeseen. Friends are taken from us; new problems of health have to be squarely faced; motivation alters as long cherished stimuli come to an end. Step by step much that has sustained us in the past is dissolved away.

When this time comes in a man's life, as it must to each of us in turn, the values that remain are those that lie deep within. We must go forward in a world which we create for ourselves, in which the satisfactions flow from our own inner resources. Companionships are precious, but precarious. They must be the extra dividends. We must dare to be alone, and to find both happiness and security within the confines of our own thoughts.

Rich adventure still lies ahead, but it is different.

The will to seek out new relationships may falter without the slightest diminution of mental activity. Merely to find release from the bedlam of the earlier years, and at long last to stretch the muscles of the mind for the sheer joy of doing so, is full reward.

Just to sit alone at one's desk for an entire morning, quietly working, is an experience that can be vivid with excitement. To pursue a new idea without interruption until the answer is clear, to re-examine an old one and honestly remove the incrustations of long suspected prejudice, to let a new flight of the imagination roar off into orbit — these are ends in themselves. If something comes of it, like a bit of writing that might be published, a thoughtful letter, or a lively discussion with old friends that evening, so much the better, but the doing of it for its own sake is full compensation for the effort.

The inevitable must come, but it can be mitigated and unquestionably deferred by proud reliance upon, and full release of, the power of the mind and the spirit.

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